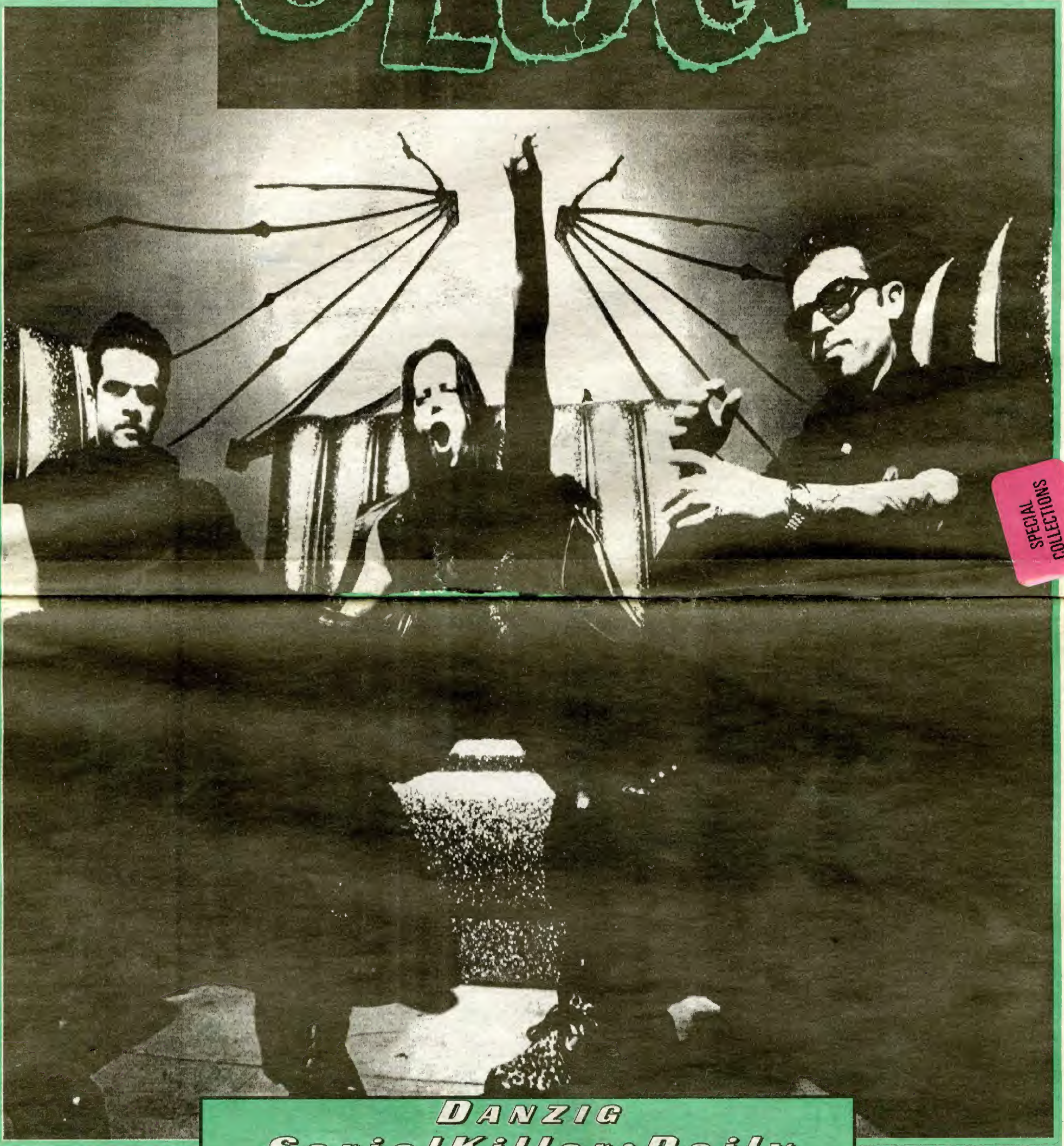




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NOVEMBER 1999

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Dear Dickheads,

In response to the letter written by Ed Snowden about 12 year old's boobs. How funny that you would actually anticipate your 12 year old asking you why real boobs are better. What is even funnier is that you worry about what's on TV when your son's school is inadvertently teaching him that "Free Speech Day" only comes once a year. The people that become offended are the people who for one reason or another need or want to be offended, whether it be to feel superior to someone else when they insistently complain, or to subconsciously segregate themselves from an individual or group of people they are afraid of. I assure you that only people that enjoy listening to Korn listen to Korn, and only people that want to read SLUG Magazine read SLUG Magazine. It sounds to me like your child understands very well what Free Speech is and I certainly hope that you don't ruin it for him.

—deltachaos@hawaii.rr.com

Dear DICKHEADS!

I just finished reading the "dear dick-heads" section in your most recent issue. You obviously carry the weight of the biggest freshly dropped steam in load of hate mail on your shoulders my boys, and I must say, I agree with what all those whiners are bitching about.

Your magazine is vulgar, sickening, disgusting and immoral. It is a portrait of our declining society, food for leaches, anarchists and antichrists. Your pictures DO offend people with common decency, you ARE teaching

12 year olds to swear. You exploit filth, crime and flesh. There is obviously no pile of crap you wouldn't dig through, no puddle of vomit you wouldn't sift to find something to print.

Keep up the good work.

—Jeuzy

Dear Dickheads,

This is in response to a recent slug article regarding our experience attempting to book a cd release party with Liquid Joe's.

First of all the article comes off as though it is hypothetical and yet uses actual names of bands and clubs? A show of intelligence by the writer and editor perhaps? The general gist of the article is that no one looks out for local bands, club owners and fans alike. Are Jeremy and SLUG doing FistFull some big favor by pitting us against Liquid Joe's, Disco Drippers!!!!? In the next paragraph you see "support local music!" Get them pissed at each other? Is that how we build a music scene in Salt Lake? The Disco Drippers aren't necessarily my favorite artistic project in town, but, those guys are some of the players in town! Jeremy do you know any of these guys? We do! As far as the article goes, it was inquirer type journalism and will hopefully teach "Lita" to keep her mouth shut around certain people....

Any successful club in the country wants to see a press pack before they book. Which is basically what the booking agent for liquid Joe's said to "Lita". Given the booking agent came off as a high and mighty prick, he didn't say no. He said "who are you?" Liquid Joe's has booked a slew of punk bands this year, so

where Jeremy gets off is obviously generated by ignorance and attitude. I am burnt on a bunch of hacks with zero education and work ethic pissing on the hard working musicians in this town. The people who bitch are writing songs about beer and cocks. Which has been done by a thousand dumb asses every night of the year since 1972. If you don't like the art that is getting hired out there get off your ass and use your brain. You can't make good music just because you have a prick and testosterone to drive your ill conceived song writing ideas. It takes hard work, and political sense. Quit complaining and learn to play your instruments so that you can knock club owners on their ass with your art! If people really want a good scene to develop in SLC, musicians need to pull together and make a positive, viable, competitive atmosphere. Good music isn't going to come from a place where everybody slags on each other. In short the article that ran screwed everybody involved, and was absolutely not the opinion of FistFull.

—Todd Grossman
of FistFull

Ed: Todd has since emailed us several times explaining that he wasn't referring to Jeremy or myself as a "bunch of hacks with zero education," but I'm still not sure who he meant. In Jeremy's defense I will say that I am sure he meant to help FistFull and not cause them any grief. I won't get into your assesment of what it takes to write a good song, but as far as building a music scene, bands like the Disco Drippers are part of the problem. (This is a band that a good friend of mine played in, so back off.) They keep bars booked and take venue space to play songs that most of you have never heard the original versions of. It's a novelty act. So instead of local bands playing original music, they play covers for the money. Do you think this band would be around if they were making the same dollars as FistFull? No. But they prevent local original acts from getting exposure because the club owners love the money. NOT THE BAND.

SOUNDS LIKE BULLSHIT To Me... a letter from the editor

SLUG Magazine
2225 South 500 East, Suite 206
Salt lake City, UT 84106
801-487-9221

KBA

LIFESTYLE MARKETING

ATTN: Editorial

Enclosed you will find a copy of a money order that we sent into NMSS, 10-15-99, for the \$7 donation that supposedly the "Camel Girl" should have donated at the charity event Sabbathon, 9-26-99.

For your future editorial efforts you should do further research on your topics before making blanket accusations. If you had, you would have found out that the "Camel Girl" was in Ichabobs on a contractual agreement with the venue and our client. The "Camel Girl" was entering on business and not pleasure. If we had been informed prior to this charity event we would of made special arrangements for "Camel Girl" to donate money.

I believe that we have now held up to our end of the deal now you do yours.

Sincerely,

Tammi Tingey
City Manager

"Dancin With Angie Brownstone"

Above you will find a letter sent to me by Tammi Tingey from KBA Marketing. I will not waste this space correcting her English, teaching her how to write a letter, or trying to figure out what "would of" means. She also wrote another letter to NMSS, although it was addressed to the "Nation" Multiple Sclerosis Society instead of the "National" MSS. The letter states that I wrote lies and made inaccurate and slanderous comments about KBA's "employee." In that letter she implies that NMSS was the sponsor of Sabbathon and that this situation had a "poor reflection upon NMSS." She goes on to write that their "field representative" was only there to do her job, and that "it seems safe to assume NMSS would not wish to

have their name associated with a foul language personal attack on any business."

First off, EVERYONE knew that NMSS was the charity we donated to and not the sponsor. How dare you try and drag them through the mud that your "employee" created and make Jen @NMSS call me to clarify your imbecilic statements.

It was also obvious to EVERYONE WHO WAS THERE that your employee thought her badge precluded her from paying after she was told that it was a charity. And as far as "doing her job," if drinking and acting like an ass is her job, then bravo. I explained all of this to Tammi on the phone, but she had no answers. I can only venture a guess as to why not.

Thanks for the \$7 Tammi, now go away.
And so now one more time for the record...

... THE NATIONAL MULTIPLE SCLEROSIS SOCIETY WAS THE CHARITY BENEFACTOR OF SABBATHON, NOT THE SPONSOR.

I can't make that any more clear. Jen Parsons and everyone at NMSS was extremely helpful and very considerate towards all of our volunteer work. I never wanted NMSS to go through any hassle over Sabbathon, but KBA made sure that didn't happen. I hope that everyone at NMSS reads this for what it is and realizes that the event was all positive, and hopefully they will allow us to donate to them next year. If this stops them from being associated with Sabbathon, that would be unfortunate and undeserved for everyone involved.

I apologize to NMSS for any inconvenience this situation may have caused even though it was a bi-product of simple minded bystanders and not the organizers or the hard working volunteers that helped sponsor the event.

If any readers or Sabbathon sponsors would like to write to NMSS to encourage their future participation, please do so.

Jen Parsons / NMSS
2995 S. West Temple Suite C
S.L.C. Utah 84115

also if anyone would like to give KBA an opinion, they can be reached at
Tammi Tingey / KBA
331 Rio Grand, Suite 307, Box 15
S.L.C. Utah 84101

By the way, if you are still wondering why the heading says "Dancin with Angie Brownstone," it's because Matt sings that over the music to Mr. Brownstone while he is at work with Angie Brown here at the plush SLUG Headquarters.

—The losers at Planet SLUG
p.s. once again, these are called "opinions"...



MR. PINK'S VIDEO REVIEW

First let's look at the movies I didn't see. The Deep End of the Ocean, My Favorite Martian, The Other Sister... get the picture? I'm not twelve!

THE BLAIR WITCH PROJECT

I am holding back because these "film makers" walked the fine line between capitalizing on spookiness and irritating the shit out of me. And yes, there is a line so kiss my butt. I wanted to call this the "Bore Witch Project," but there were a few scenes that were creepy. Only because they were in the woods and only because they had already established themselves as idiots. The rest of the time, the girl is just bitchy and stupid and the two guys continually demonstrate their lack of balls and inability to sack up. Show me the blood. Show me what the eery noises are. Believe me, anyone who has spent the night up in the Uintas has heard (or imagined) plenty of spooky shit. Besides, three college kids in the woods for 5 or so days, nobody has a joint, nobody brings a gun and nobody has sex. Then one guy mysteriously finds a pack of cigarettes at the bottom of his backpack after being out for three days. Yea right.

BIG DADDY

Adam Sandler plays the guy everybody wants to be. Adopts a kid to keep his girlfriend happy, loses the girl, falls in love with the kid. Mostly because he is 30 some-

thing and wants somebody to play with. Who doesn't? This is a great show. Funny stuff with a predictable script, but it covers all the bases. You don't watch this movie to be moved or any arty crap, it is just a funny movie where the best lines deal with pee, vomit and wiping your own ass. Works for me. Three thumbs up.

SLC PUNK!

I know more about this movie than I could even begin to tell you, because it's writer/director is one of my best friend's kid brother. Those things remain off the record. It's an Italian thing.

This movie pissed off alot of people before they had even seen it. That's because they "assume" that it's about certain people who feel they were the "scene" back in the mid 80's.

The problem with the punk faction (clique) is that they think this movie should be about them. It isn't. It is also NOT A DOCUMENTARY! Maybe James Merendino needs to come back to the town he so dearly loved (sarcasm) and do a documentary on the punk scene just to make all the whining pussys happy, but don't count on it. If you can watch this movie without drawing comparisons to the people who made the punk scene in SLC, it won't make you so mad. It is a story written by a guy who was 5 years behind the people he hung out with. The main character is Stevo. Is it Steve O'Reilly? No. So he used some names of some real people, but the story is all fiction. Big deal. The story is not a new theme, but it works.

LIFE

Many people told me to avoid "the new Eddie Murphy movie" like the plague. So, I didn't see it in the theater and waited until it's video release. That just proves my age old theory that all people are either stupid, or too ignorant to get the joke. This movie was funny as hell. The last out take of the movie (after the credits) is the funniest line I've ever heard. Martin Lawrence also does a good job playing Eddie's reluctant friend for life. Don't listen to anybody you know, this is a good movie. Besides most of the people you know are idiots, aren't they?

THE LAST BROADCAST

This waste of video tape ranks right up there with 200 Cigarettes, The Cruise, Jawbreaker, The Mummy and so on. Capitalizing on "The Blair Witch Project" is a pretty easy scam. But this guy is just a moron. Next!

—Mr. Pink

Mr. Pink's Brewvy Movie Trivia

Last months answer ... Miracle Max winner / Kevin Anderson

What month was the first Mr. Pink's Video Review ran in SLUG Magazine?

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INSTITUTIONALIZED DEVIANCE

By
H. BATES



Last month, the Salt Lake Tribune reported that several people in town to attend the L.D.S. Churches General Conference became morally outraged while shopping at a downtown mall. Apparently, these individuals became offended by two provocatively clad mannequins on display in a storefront window, while walking through the mall after attending the conference. The fact that these two particular mannequins had no arms, legs, or even heads apparently was not enough to placate these individuals, who complained that the mannequins attire and particularly, the fact that the dummies had their zippers undone, was highly offensive due to their sexual suggestiveness. Some wondered why the store, a national retailer, hadn't had greater sensitivity to the values and customs of the local culture. Others simply saw it as a sign of the continued fraying of the moral fabric of the country. They all agreed that the store, owned by a national retail chain, should censure the display in order to make it conform to Utah's conservative cultural standards or remove it from the window altogether. It is interesting to note that not one person mentioned in the article admitted to experiencing any kind of titillation as a result of their exposure to the display, not that they were asked.

In a related story, *The Deseret News* recently sent out a questionnaire to mayoral candidates along the Wasatch Front. In it candidates are asked to answer extremely personal questions about themselves and their families so presumably, they could be printed in an upcoming issue. The mayoral hopefuls complained publicly that the questions have no relevance to the issues and are entirely designed to reveal any moral indiscretions a candidate or a member of a candidate's family may have committed in the past. One candidate has stated that he will not fill it out at all. The entire affair has caused some embarrassment for the newspaper, but it seems that *The Deseret News* is determined to expose any dirt so that their readers know which candidate has the moral fiber to be Mayor of Salt Lake City. It's interesting to note that *The Deseret News* is owned and operated by the L.D.S. Church and it's members make up a vast majority of the

publication's readers.

Finally, there is an initiative on this year's ballot in California that, if passed, would allow long-term homosexual partners and their family members the right to the same status and benefits that married heterosexual partners in that state currently enjoy. This has obviously caused a great deal of concern here in Utah as the L.D.S. Church has spent large amounts of time, effort, and untaxed money in a crusade to make sure that the initiative fails. The

Church has successfully conducted similar campaigns in Hawaii and Alaska.

Apparently denying homosexuals access to heaven and eternal salvation is not enough any more. Now the L.D.S. Church wants to keep them down while they're here on Earth. Despite all the evidence to the contrary, L.D.S. Church President Gordon B. Hinckley has repeatedly maintained that the Church is not out to hurt their homosexual brothers and sisters. Rather, the entire effort has been orchestrated by the Church for their benefit, in order to help homosexuals get closer to God by seeing the error of their ways and rejecting their sinful lifestyles. I'm sure the gays in California are damned happy to have the L.D.S. Church looking out for them the way they are. Much like the Jews were happy to have the Nazi's looking out for them in Germany 60 years ago. It is interesting to note that the first pogrom the Nazi's initiated against the Jews was the forbidding of marriage.

Undoubtedly, there is a common thread that connects these stories, a cultural characteristic that these events reveal that defines members of the L.D.S. Church and their leaders with too few exceptions. It is the need to judge others thoughts, words and deeds based on the values and morals taught by the Church, the only education most of them have received. An intolerance that has been passed from one generation to the next that causes them to fear what is different and then lash out at it. Attack it or somehow make it go away. Beyond the fear lies the fact that it is much easier to look for imperfections in others than it is to look for the imperfections within ourselves. This makes for good comedy when it involves several repressed Mormons getting dangerously excited over a pair of plastic mannequins with their zippers open. However, it quickly turns to tragedy when it involves the invasion of an individual's privacy or the discrimination against a minority group. Ironically, these are the same cultural characteristics Mormons faced over 150 years ago in Illinois and Missouri that caused them to make the dangerous trek to Utah in the first place.

— H. Bates

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page 5

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"Brothers and Sisters, let's kick out the jams". If you have studied the origins of rock and roll or read any Robert Anton Wilson you probably have heard of this line. It's the rally cry of America's unsung rock and roll heroes, MC5. The MC5 stand as one of the founders of Punk Rock and the only band in US history to lead their own political party. Starting in 1968, with the release of "Kick Out The Jams", a live album recorded at the legendary Grande Ballroom in Motorcity, this five man band shook it up. As the founders of the White Panther Party, they endorsed the "Ten Point Program" of the Black Panther Party and in their own manifesto. They declared war and called for the total destruction of american culture. Their weapons of choice in this rock revolution were music, dope and fucking in the streets. Yet within three short and turbulent years, the MC5's mercurial rise ended with the dissolution of one of the most politically and musically challenging bands to enter the early post Woodstock scene. By 1971, the band had fallen apart. Members found themselves in prison and shortly thereafter, some found themselves dead.

The beliefs, the politics, and the struggle for freedom did not die with the MC5. After their demise, others picked up from the point where they left off. Nonetheless these godfathers of Punk Rock and preachers for freedom through music have not entirely vanished from this mortal plane.

Wayne Kramer lives and breathes. Two weeks ago, in a New York club called *Life*. I watched as one of the descendants of MC5, and a punk band, *Street Walking Cheetahs*, spilled out the familiar wall of sound resting on a solid of bass foundation and machine gun drums. *The Cheetahs*, with ears tucked back, legs braced against the audio waves they blasted into the audience. A groupie in the front row, puts a bottle of PBR to the bassists lips, in one long swig, beer streaming down his naked chest, he empties the bottle and never misses a beat. And I say to myself for being 30 years old Punk still looks pretty good. A platinum blonde *Pop Smear* porn star took the stage. She grabbed the crowd's attention and she announced that Wayne Kramer was next. To tell you the truth, I was paying more attention to her tight leather pants than what she had to say. "Stand up and show your respect, It's Wayne Kramer Live!" Wayne Kramer? Wasn't ringing any bells. So I stepped up to the bar, grabbed my sixth snakebite. It burned, and I waited.

Wayne Kramer. Blue Jeans, button down tucked in shirt, guitar. Haircut to the skull. Didn't say a damned thing. On his left, stood a bassist with a broken arm, his fingers free, he looked ready to rock. The boy looked about 23. Also to the left, the guitarist with the goatee looked about 35. Serious looks, not much attitude, a musician. To the right I don't know. He looked like he worked for Bill Gates. He had tambourines, a keyboard and Devo hair. Wayne Kramer held the center. The crowd was silent, waiting, entranced by his stability and silence, waiting for the charmer to charm.

Wayne Kramer used to play with MC5; he's about 55. He was there, at the very beginning; he was and remains a believer in the power of electric music, the holy trinity of distortion, reverb & soul. In 1968, as a member of the MC5, an American flag emblazoned on his guitar; he fought for freedom with his music and his politics. These

WAYNE KRAMER



photo / Angela Brown

were entwined and inseparable. As a member of the MC5, as lead guitarist and vocalist, every show from 1968 to their last show on New Years Eve 1972, the word lived and the word was "Revolution!" And while MC5 didn't change the world, they succeeded in doing their part to forever change the face of music.

1999, *Club Life*, *Pop smear Magazine* party, CMJ Music Festival. Wayne Kramer, a relict, a dinosaur, a legend, played to a crowd of 150. There wasn't a soul older than 28. In fact, I think he was the only member of his band, older than 30. He stepped out to the mike and introduced the first song, "Junky Romance". This was new. It was fresh, he could have wrote it last week. Unlike the recent crop of rock and roll retreads, he has something to say about right now. The audience was entranced. Wayne Kramer, one of the godfathers of Punk Rock, one of the founders of Rock'n Roll, unrecognized by the masses that believe the Sex Pistols invented punk rock. Wayne Kramer, an aging rock and roller, punk rocker and activist, still finds after 30 years, a space to make music that he believes in and shakes you up.

I stood in the front row, tequila in my right hand, a lime in my left. The set started with a bass line. The bassist, his arm broken, five fingers petruding from his cast laid out the low ground. The drummer waited. The Bill Gates lookalike waited. Wayne Kramer, 55 years of age yet his soul burning so bright he looked ageless. Humble, a man that you can tell has found a way to laugh at himself. He stepped up to the mike, strummed the string and from that point on the music, the words, the holy spirit, the belief, the bass, the drums, the guitar, the lyrics all came together, entrancing, seducing and bedded the audience. Wayne Kramer and his band touched on the old school hits but for the most part, the material was fresh, some of it revised within the last two weeks. Songs about bombs, drugs, lost hope and dreams.

Wayne Kramer is still fighting the good fight underground, guerilla warfare style, subversive, wiser, and educated. MC5, good as they may have been, have lived and died, burned and faded and unlike the sad sack bands doing covers and remixes of songs 15 years past their prime, Wayne Kramer has evolved and grown. He rocked the house, brought down the roof, entertained while and opening minds.

I dare say he woke me up.

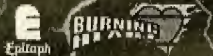
—Christian Austin

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Also on the 6th, you can catch the SLC farewell performance of the **Jim Rose Circus Sideshow** when they appear with **Godsmack** and **Reveille** (pronounced REH-yuh-lay...don't fuck it up like I did when I called Elektra Records for the press kit. "Uh, yeah...I'm calling about *Rev-EYE-yuh!*..." Still embarrassed.) To clarify: according to the Jim Rose Circus Sideshow website (www.ambient.on.ca/jim-

Now, I'm a bit confused. According to www.pollstar.com, **Danzig** is at **Saltair** on the **11th** and also on the **30th**. I doubt they're rolling into **SLC** twice in the same month, but juuuuust in case... I told ya. More on them toward the end of this column, since I am fairly confident that the **30th** is the correct date. What else on the **11th**? **Aquabats** and the **Hippos** at **Classic**

slug indy spotlight

fat possum records

Fat Possum Records
SLUG's Indy Label Spotlight

Fat Possum Records is the blues subsidiary of everybody's favorite indy label, Epitaph Records. It is also home to the most raggedy, but talented, blues artists around. Most are in their late sixties or early seventies, some (Asie Payton and Junior Kimbrough) are dead. (Payton died before he ever held his own CD in his hands, he didn't find himself worthy of making a recording, so it's likely he wouldn't even care.) Two (R.L. Burnside and T-Model Ford) have served time for murder: Burnside shot a man in the back of the head ("I didn't mean to kill nobody," he said in an interview with *The London Telegraph*. "I just meant to shoot the sonofabitch in the head. Him dyin' was between him and the Lord.") and Ford stabbed a man to death with a pocket

knife. I could go on, tell every hard luck story associated with Fat Possum and its artists, but it makes more sense to talk about the music. The music that Fat Possum founder Matthew Johnson ventures into the remotest areas of Mississippi to find; the music played by men who have calluses on their hands not just from playing guitar, but from working hard labor for small salaries; music that comes from men who *really* know the blues.

Junior Kimbrough

Kimbrough is, in the words of Fat Possum publicist Mark Mauer, "probably our most respected artist." His albums got a lot of critical acclaim, but not a lot of people outside the die-hard fans know what an original talent Junior was. And in blues, anything original is tough to come by." Kimbrough's most recent release is *Meet Me in the City* and a listen will convince you that Junior was a true original.

R.L. Burnside

Burnside is easily the most popular artist on the Fat Possum roster, thanks to his work with the Jon Spencer Blues Explosion.

Come On In is his 1998 release and on it is a potent concoction made with house beats, a guitar, a spare drum kit (manned by Cedric Burnside), and R.L.'s weathered voice.

The Neckbones

Fat Possum's got their hands in the garage rock cookie jar with this band. They are reminiscent of early Rolling Stones with a hint of the Stooges.

The Country Teasers

Going to hell, these guys are. Consider them a shitfaced Southern Culture on the Skids without tact (or, depending on how you see it, tongues-in-cheek). *Destroy All Human Life* is their release from 1998.

20 Miles

The Bauer Brothers (as in Judah Bauer, of the Blues Explosion), billed here as 20 Miles, offer another variation of Stony blues (with surf-instro reverb and drumming scattered about) recorded in the lo-fi Fat Possum tradition. Their debut, *I'm a Lucky Guy*, is better than anything the Blues Explosion has released.

Bob Log III

One-half of the famous Doo-Rag, Bob Log is an innovator. God bless this helmeted nutcase for making tits a musical instrument. On *Trike*, his newly released follow-up to last year's *School Bus*, Mr. Log plays slide guitar with his hands and drums with his feet, while two lovely ladies (paid for their time and "talents") clap their tits in rhythm. Hee-hee!

Paul Jones

Listen to this and catch the faintest whiff of Ripple wine. Pucker Up, Buttercup is the

recording, and it has elements of Motown soul and Mississippi juke joint attitude while flirting with punk rock in spots. "Guess I Just Fucked It All Up" is every married man's theme song.

T-Model Ford

Remember this guy? Stabbed a man with a pocket knife? He did two years on a chain gang, but he's still got a line you just don't cross. You hear it in his music, you see it on his face. Hell, he even called his record *You Better Keep Still*.

Asie Payton

Like Burnside and T-Model Ford, Payton dabbled in electronics. A couple of the spare arrangements (mostly just drum and guitar) have electronic embellishments on *Worried*, what will stand as his only release. The tracks are culled from two recorded sessions that were Payton's first and last.

Hasil Adkins

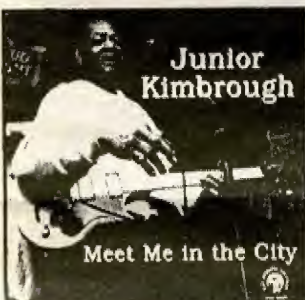
The man knows how to accessorize. Cowboy hat, scarf, blue jeans, no shoes. On *What the Hell Was I Thinking?*, Adkins seems to be making only noise, but one man's cacophony is another's outsider art. Prepare to piss yourself when you hear "Ugly Woman."

Jelly Roll Kings

Before the Country Teasers and the Neckbones, the Jelly Roll Kings were the closest thing to a band that Fat Possum had to offer. Certainly, they are the only true blues band on the roster. Strange to hear a Fat Possum album with guitar, drums, bass, harp, and (I believe) a Fender Rhodes. One of the best artists on the label.

For more information, or to order Fat Possum products, visit www.fatpossum.com or write to: Fat Possum Records, P.O. Box 1923, Oxford, MS, 38655

—Randy Harward



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ARE YOU STILL DANCIN', DARLING?

Julia Darling is a talented New Zealand singer-songwriter now based in New York City. Darling made an especially good showing on Internet album sales. Billboard magazine now even charts such retail activity separately. On the week of her debut, Darling charted ahead of other current releases by Kid Rock, Lenny Kravitz and Shania Twain. Her sincere and personal delivery reminds me of Jann Arden. This sincerity comes across in a hint of a quaver—as if every song was a miraculous first cut. Both Darling and Arden do that and both are two of the most real artists in contemporary alternative pop.

But, if all that is too old school for you, City of Tribes (3025 17th St., SF, CA, 94110) has what you need on the compilation "Re-Rooted" Beatz From the Ground Up." In the City of Tribes inimitable style of melding deep world music rhythms and techno, you get slow hip grinders and funky trip-hop. A real gem on this collection is the vocal talents of Ladysmith Black Mambazo on Paul Simon's "Graceland" album, appearing on the RSL track "Elungelo." This is actually a sampler of South Africa's Fresh Music label. Their shrinking world mix of rural ethnic sounds and urban rhythms makes them a natural international partner to the Bay Area co-operative based around Patti Clemens, Trance Mission, etc.

BROWSE BEYOND FOLK

New in the folk section at your local record store is "Equation," the CD from Hazy Daze (Putumayo). Where many American folk-pop ensembles reach back to Peter, Paul & Mary or maybe the Byrds, this English group has their foundation in Pentangle and Steeleye Span. Signature to their sound is the dulcet tones of vocalist Kathryn Roberts, lushly supported by backing chorus and studio multi-tracking.

The roots of our folk music, and its derivatives, reside in the English Isles. After Fairport Convention, probably the most successful group for the British folk scene is Steeleye Span. They mark their three-decade anniversary with a new album entitled "Horkstow Grange" (Park Records, POB 391887, Cambridge, MA 02139-008). Listening to this album one can hear how the fertile English folk sound suggested much to British rock. For instance, play their version of "Lord Randall," off this album, next to the Small Faces' "Itchycoo Park."

Also on the Park Records roster and reaching back to the same era is Lindisfarne. They too have a new studio recording, "Here Comes the Neighborhood." Sid Griffin (Long Ryder, Byrds) produced this warm and punchy album. This is an album of completely new material written by the band members. Songwriter Alan Hull is largely responsible for the group's long and successful career. Unfortunately, Hull died in 1995 but it is apparent from "Here Comes the Neighborhood" that Lindisfarne fully recovered creatively with replacement frontman Billy Mitchell. The presence of five talented vocalists in the group ensures an album of varied voice and impressive harmonies.

Beside your local clubs, your local record stores offer some good folk-rock too.

Jackie Leven's sound is also described as "Celtic Soul." This musician, who boasts a thirty-year career, also brings to mind '70s Canadian pop. The title track of "Night Lilies" recalls Gordon Lightfoot's delivery of "Wreck of the Edmund Fitzgerald." The Celtic bit comes through the presence of Uilleann pipes throughout the album. The soul is in Leven's poignant delivery of his material. The Scottish singer began his career with Doll by Doll ("Carita"). After losing a girlfriend, he found a heavy drug addiction. The now clean Leven began his solo career three years ago and "Night Lilies" finds the musician triumphant and masterfully in possession of the muse. The album, full of outdoors imagery, is a poetic and poignant collection of metaphors both sylvan and sincere.

Still keeping the folk-blues tradition alive is Odetta. Bob Dylan cites her as a crucial influence in his formation of a folk-rock style. Also paying her homage is the President and First Lady who this year award her the 1999 National Medal of the Arts. After fifty years as a major influence on both folk and blues, Odetta returns with a new album (her first studio recording in fourteen years) with Dr. John. The album is "Blues Everywhere I Go" on M.C. Records (POB 1788, Huntington Stn., NYC, NY, 11746; <http://www.mc-records.com>). The "Queen of American Folk Music" does some boogie feeling Dr. John's piano on upbeat tracks like "Blues Everywhere I Go." Alternately, she is positively sentimental with such pieces as the melancholy duet "Please Send me Someone to Love." It on such tracks that her obvious influence on Nina Simone is apparent.

Folk Implosion returns with a new album entitled "One Part Lullaby" (Interscope). Note that they bear no more connection to 'folk-rock' than their name and a beguiling simplicity. You remember them from their 1995 hit "Natural One." This group formed by Lou Barlow (Sebadoh and Dinosaur, Jr.) is a big-budget lo-fi production that includes all the texture and substance of a brilliant basement recording but all the benefits of solid studio technology.

Go ahead and browse right over to the jazz section. There you will find the exten-

sive discography of jazz artist Yusef Lateef. There you will see that 32 Jazz compiled four of the man's album's onto the three-CD set "The Man With the Big Front Yard." The albums are "The Complete Yusef Lateef," "Yusef Lateef's Detroit," "Hush 'n' Thunder" and "The Doctor is in...and Out." "Detroit" features Lateef's scintillating flute playing and sonorous, mellow tenor saxophone. The album is a Detroit map with traffic sounds in "Bishop School" and a shopping bustle in "Eastern Market." Other tracks include "Russell and Eliot," "Belle Isle" and "Woodward Avenue."

TO KEEP IT WARM, KEEP IT TROPICAL

As cooler weather begins to move in, you can keep it warm by bringing sub-tropical reggae sounds in to your home. As for the early Jamaican scene, The Skatalites are foremost, pre-dating reggae. Their proto-ska sound owes more to ensemble jazz than anything else. Legendary tenor saxophonist Tommy McCook from this group passed away last year. Out on the Heartbeat label is "Tribute to Tommy." This record collects eighteen Skatalites tracks featuring the saxophonist.

Roy Francis' Phase One label produced late '70's and early '80's reggae hits. The bulk of the label's recording was of local artists largely unknown, certainly unknown on the international level. "Children of Jah" collects many of these ad hoc groups made up from the local reggae soul and dancehall scene. Backing the musicians is the legendary Channel One studio band The Revolutionaries. The foundation of this group's signature sound is the rhythm section of Sly Dunbar (drums) and Llolyd Parkes (bass).

You don't have to stay on the island of Jamaica to bring the warmth of the Caribbean to your home, though! "The Rough Guide to Calypso & Soca" (Rough Guide) takes you out to Trinidad. There the traditional music of song is the rhythmic calypso sound. Unite this with soul and a strong dance beat and you got soca. The Phase One label finds a militant spiritual platform for social realism, on "The Rough Guide" Lord Pretender's typically calypso admonition is "Never ever worry/What I say is true/Anywhere you turn someone is suffering more than you."

PUNK REVIVAL

Jeff Dahl is a legendary punk guitarist. After a career in the Angry Samoans, he continues constantly touring and releasing album after album as a solo artist. The newest installment is "All Trashed Up" (Triple X). Rooted as much in rock-n-roll as the reactionary punk musicianship, Dahl makes punk rock safe for party rock riffs, melody and even decent singing. This album features a new line-up bolstered by two gals from Sin City Girls: Jenni Sex (guitar) and Anna Conda (drums). "All Trashed Up" is brash music full of sharp guitar attacks that is equal parts punk and rock.

Marky Ramone played drums in the later edition of The Ramones. Currently, this group is on tour in South America. However, I assure they will be back. Until then, check out "The Answer to your Problems" (Zoe) by Marky Ramone & The Intruders. For their sound, think if the Ramones formed in 1984 instead of 1974. That is what this album is like.

BACK TO THE '70's

Looking back to the '70's, how about, say Mott the Hoople? Well, there is this label in England, Angel Air (PO Box 14, Stowmarket, Suffolk, IP14 4UD; 01449-

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770138) that seems to exist to put out any recording that is even remotely connected to Mott and company. Honestly, most I have no use for. The label did put out an excellent two-CD set of the British Lions. "Live and Rare" is four-fifths of Mott the Hoople and features some great, heavy arena rock. What makes the entire collection for me is the live San Antonio medley of "So you Want to be a Rock 'n' Roll Star/It's Only Rock 'n' Roll/Pretty Vacant."

Also out on Angel Air is Morgan, the '70's prog-rock group perpetrated by keyboardist Morgan Fisher. This is the album he recorded just before joining, you guessed it, Mott the Hoople, in 1973. Lengthy, keyboard-led art-rock excursions comprise the four-track CD. Morgan inspirations (Stravinsky and King Crimson) come through strong on this ELP-like album.

On the House of Blues collection "Whole Lotta Blues," modern blues artists cover '70's power-blues superstars Led Zeppelin. Such American blues masters as Willie Dixon and Jimmy Reed directly inspires the earliest Zeppelin. On this album Robert Lockwood, Jr., Eric Gales, Derek Trucks and more cover the classic Zeppelin tunes.

Some bands, just keep on truckin', though. Check out Canned Heat and their new album of new material, "Boogie 2000" (RUF Records). This is a good title for the album, because since forming thirty-three years ago the band is still going on fusing boogie rhythms with rock instrumentation. Still, there is plenty of variety here. On "World of Make Believe" they go halfway to meeting Santana and on "Dark Clouds" they recall Willie Dixon.

FAMOUS NAMES

Many bands rush out of the garage to the stage. Often, they are not quite "ready for prime time." This is not so with Robert Crenshaw. He worked his band and the material on his new album hard before bringing it to the stage. You should recognize the Crenshaw name, because this is his brother. The two performed in a road company of a Broadway play in 1978. Shortly thereafter, Marshall's songwriting talents began to be recognized. Robert spent the next ten years touring and recording with Marshall as a drummer. Robert has a new, self-titled album out on Gadfly (POB 5231, Burlington, VT 05402). He is well on his way to forming his own distinctive pop voice based on talent and poetic vision.

Travelling the world in front of Blues Traveler earned John Popper his famous name. Now he finds the germination of a solo career with his new solo record "Zygote" (A&M). Pop vocal ballads "Once you Woke Up" sit along site harmonica-fueled rockers like "Miserable Bastard." Terry Manning ("Led Zeppelin 3," "Lenny Kravitz 5," etc.) co-produced this album of breadth and sophistication.

Further along on the course of musical maturity is Sting, who came into the lime-light fronting The Police. The theme is love on Sting's "Brand New Day" (A&M). Of course, this means a lot of hope and heartache. Algerian pop and medieval plainsong chanting come into the mix on Sting's latest effort. Highly developed, this seventh solo record is certain to be marked as one of his best.

REVIEWS

Andre Duchesne/Reflexions / DAME

The only liner notes to Duchesne's album is surrealist verse, "She is an orches-

tra, throwing notes to the lake..." Duchesne's playing veers from the tentative experimentation to beautiful, elaborate classical guitar creations. Never tedious, indeed adventurous, "Reflexions" is a sometimes serene, sometimes silly, sometimes serious solo acoustic guitar ride. (3)

Long John Hunter/Ride With Me Alligator Records

Texas guitar maestro Long John Hunter originally issued this album in 1993 on the now defunct Spindeltop Label. Alligator Records saved the title from oblivion, a title that displays a blues master of four decades' experience. Available again, this is classic from a true, representation master of the West Texas blues. (4)

22 Jacks/Going North Side One Dummy

Surviving members of punk rock band The Adolescents and other career hard rockers band together place themselves at the top of the indie rock heap. The able vocalist of the project is Joe Sib (WAX). It is Sib and Steve Soto (Adolescents) that share songwriting duties. Actually, very excellent songs they are. The 22 Jacks catalogue continues reaching out in to the contemporary power pop sounds that Soto first stepped into on Adolescents' "Balboa Fun Zone." Delivering modern rock with the gusto that they did punk Helping them crystallize this vision of harmony vocals and hooks is producer Ed Stasium (Ramones, Biohazard). (4)

The Silencers/Cycleric Sounds Total Energy

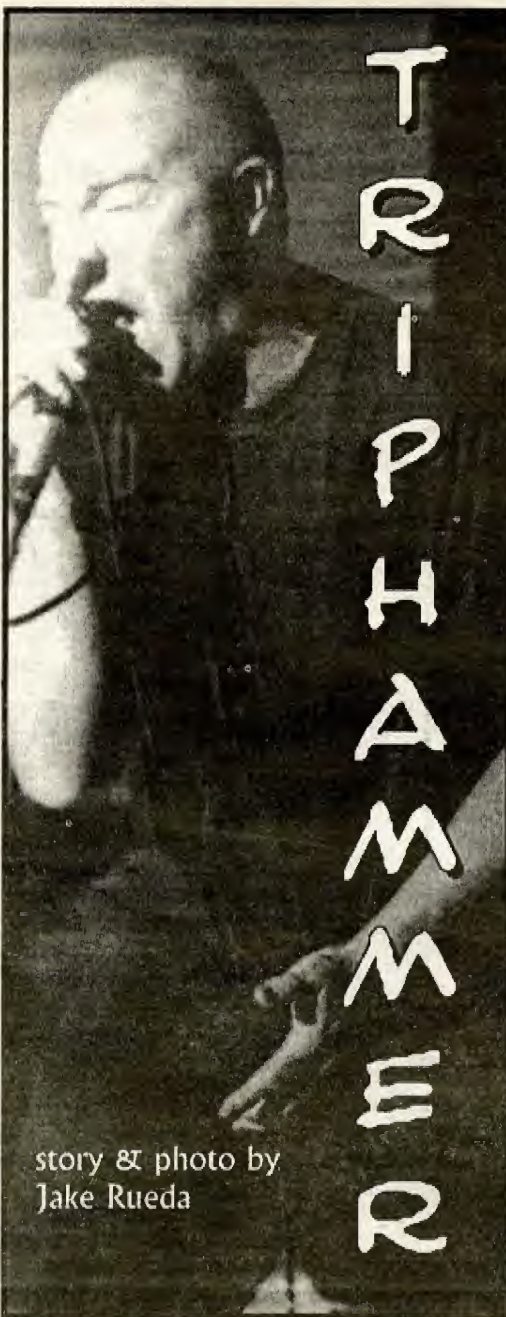
Total Energy has a history, with its parent label, Bomp! of documenting the great, classic Detroit hard rock sounds. Several titles by Iggy Pop, The MC5, The Rationals and more are available from this family of labels. Sure to also stand the test of time is the monster, fuzzed-out surf sounds from The Silencers. It's a wild ride through this "tubular" album of Rouge River surf rock from these guys. Their obvious inspirations are racing wedges, biker flicks and maybe Helios Creed ("2000 Lb. Bee")? Producing this excellent slab of hot-rodded instrumental rock is Mick Collins (The Gories, Blacktop). (4)

Will Haven/WHVN Revelation

The most obvious, nay most ostentation, use of the electric guitar and its amplified companions in the rock combo, is one of forceful expression. Rage and rock go together like volume and distortion. Throwing melody to the wind, Will Haven offers rhythm and noise for unadulterated noise-rock. The pounding drums and rhythmic four-four beat are all that remains

after deconstructing and hyper-magnifying through volume the rock approach. More rock and less talk is the philosophy here and what they have to scream is not for the faint of heart. (3.5)





story & photo by
Jake Rueda

"This is the end, beautiful friend
This is the end, my only friend, the end."

- Jim Morrison

It was a simple act of closure. One I never would have thought would have such an impact on me or those who witnessed the final act of Triphammer performing their last show on Sunday October 3, 1999. It was a ceremony finally burying the past. A performance meant to put everything there once was in a little box and store away, if not throw away.

But there's a lot to it than just what I saw and a lot of other people saw. There is a history, folks. From an original line-up with members leaving due to creative differences and the usual band politics to recruiting other members and one admirer. Then, there's the name. A triphammer is a massive power hammer having a head that is tripped and allowed to fall by cam or lever action. According to Joe, the bass player, it is also a medieval torture device. Fun, huh? Their musical roots and backgrounds culminated in the sound they had, but according to Jared the lead singer, their music "graduated to different styles."

With their music advancing not just lyrically but on a technical level as well it allowed them to explore what they could and wanted to play. As Dave who plays drums put it, "That's what Triphammer was all about."

Then came the decision of the end. "A new beginning," says Dave. "We all just decided that it's not that we didn't want to play with each other. It'd just be a lot more fun to have a new name and not have to play those old songs and not have to live up to what was already done," says Levi (guitars), as he's sitting down wearing a Journey "Tour '82" t-shirt.

Jared continues, "We were known as a hardcore band, but there were times when the kids didn't know what we were going to do. We would come in and do a set with just noise or drumming, so we've tried to keep it lively and interesting. So I don't think kids knew what to think of us at a certain point."

Finally, there was the last show. "We all wore black because it was the end of something so it was a little symbolic there," Jared says. They all looked very handsome, including Mr. Mad

Adam Sherlock (who was cordially invited to play keyboards for the evening). "But it was not just another show, it was definitely the last show. We all knew it, we all felt it."

"A little 'Johnny Cash' maybe," says Joe. Levi carries on, "I thought it was a little weird just because we all knew it was going to be it and it was kind of like 'Let's just do it.' But as it started to get closer I started to get really excited about it. We just decided to pull out all the stops and put on a show instead of just play."

"I think for the people that actually got to see it, they gave the feedback and they all felt that it was right," says Joe.

"We needed closure. We had to have it," concludes Jared in a voice that suggests total certainty. "We don't play just because we're in a band. We play because we want to play." For those who know him, he's as straight and honest as any person you've met. He kids around quite a lot, though. I had never seen this band perform, but I had seen a few other bands play so I had a pre-conceived idea of what I was going to see. So folks, don't ask to hear any of the old songs because, quite frankly, they just won't play them. As far as they're concerned, Triphammer is definitely over and done with. No more. Finished.

As all those who were at the Health Center would know the show had been shut down by Salt Lake Police. Many don't even know why it was being shut down in the first place. According to Michele Stockton, secretary and organizer of public events at the Health Center, it was purely a miscommunication between the Health Center and the city of South Salt Lake.

"I was supposed to have the license for the business," says Michele. But the city did not clarify to her that whoever leases the building for the night needed to have a special permit as well. "So I went ahead and obtained the license for the Health Center, but I did not go so far as to inform each individual lessee that they needed to do that as well." It was an ambiguous statement to Michele from the city. So when the police did come down, they asked the person leasing the center for the night if he had a permit and he, of course, did not have that permit. Furthermore, the police had asked to see a special events permit that the Health Center had applied for, but had not received the permit because it was still in the mail. "I really thought we had our bases covered", concludes Michele. The police had hassled the center before about special permits, but they were let go. Not that night. "[The cops] said 'You have twenty minutes, clear it out'," says Michele.

This lack of consideration from the cops is finding it difficult for people in general to find good venues, according to Michele.

The band reacted with anger to the shut down by police. Jared was angry because he felt like they "needed to play that" where as Dave, in an attempt to not sound pessimistic, says he was pissed but then simply says that it's just their luck, really. Everyone in general seemed to share this view of "Well, it just had to happen to us" which is actually not that unusual in certain situations and with certain people. But it was not the end for it was Sean, the lessee of the center for that night, and Tyler Coburn who were able to get up their gear and quickly find a venue for them to play. It was found and decided that Triphammer would play their last at a place known as "Kilby Court," a rather small garage-like venue hidden behind a stand of trees and a fence.

Because of the size of the venue, it was by invitation only. I ran to find Jared to see what was going on and he gave me his formal invitation. After talking to a few people, I loaded up my camera in the car and took off to Kilby Court. Once there, it all of a sudden felt right. They were quick to load their gear and to move it to the new venue. Everyone who was invited stood outside. I decided to repose with a cigarette just outside. It took about forty-five minutes or so to get all set up. Just before they went on, Sean stood up and gave a speech, apologizing for what had happened at the center, but preparing everyone for the last show Triphammer would ever perform. After he finished, the music started, everyone positioned themselves to play and I saw Jared near a wall by the stage, somehow appearing to be energizing himself for his performance. The band kept playing an intro, and then Jared would get up and get back down again. The band was patient. Jared finally got up after a few moments and thanked everyone for coming. His voice seemed to falter at the end of

his sentence, just before the first song came on. And for about 45 minutes, I and everyone else that was there watched what the flyer read as "The End Of An 801 Legacy."

Each song blended with the next. Triphammer looked dangerous as they played, moved and sang their good-byes. The fluorescent lighting, combined with their dark clothes complimented the black and deadly atmosphere of Kilby Court. Everyone watched with utter reverence with no moshing up until the end, which was annoying. We all gazed to watch those we called friends for years and family play their last gig with no regrets, but a latent sadness among some of the members, as was later confessed. They continued playing, but then Jared crouched down on the ground, as if to die.

After throwing his guitar because of a technical difficulty, Wayne "died" as well. Then Adam. Dave continued the low, slowing and stabbing drumbeat. Joe continued droning the merciless tune of the bass, which kept slicing the air in two. The he "died." After the music, in and of itself, finally collapsed in fury that resounded in the quietest crescendo I have ever heard and everyone was dead and gone, Jared said "Thank You".

And Triphammer died.

In general the band felt good about the Kilby Court show. The small, cramped atmosphere seemed to fit their mood. For it was some member's intentions to just have friends there and the people who really cared about what they have done for the last five years. "I thought it was one of the finest shows I've ever played, personally," said Jared. "It was the whole setting, the time and the feel." Joe felt like the environment around was what made the show interesting.

"I could sense the emotion there. It was a very dark, dreary-like 'The End'," said Dave.

The addition of keyboards at the show was actually a last minute decision. The band noticed a keyboard lying around and decided to use it in the end. They had asked Adam to play in their band before so they went ahead and asked him again. This just goes to show how, in reality, the band is indifferent to public opinion. "We don't care what anyone thinks because at the last minute we're throwing in a keyboard with no idea what it's going to do," says Jared.

The overall experience for the band was above superior. Even afterwards and during this interview, they were in good spirits about what they're doing now and what is to come. Especially since they will be incorporating more participation within the band itself, with Levi helping to write new material. But there has been influence in the past. At least we hope so! "I hope we've left an influence as far as people starting bands now. Maybe they can be more creative."

Joe decides to end with "I really want people to know that we really have put our hearts and soul into what we've done over the past five years." It is a reality that some fans might not be akin to the new style of the band, which will carry on under a different name. But does it matter? Not really. There will always be other people to appreciate them for their work and what they do, especially friends and family, which matter above trendy fans who just go to see them because it's cool.

I have to say that during this interview I had a great time with the band. We basically turned it into a nice "coffee-talk" session where everyone said whatever. I have to say that these guys are terrific people and they do believe in what they do. The members have shared ideas. One of them being "Stop the unconditional hate," something that happens much too often in shows. They shake off any preconceived ideas that people have about them.

As Dave clarifies "Triphammer was NEVER a straight-edge band." As cheesy as it sounds, we did laugh and talk the hours away. Talk went from the supposed "scene" here in Salt Lake to acceptance of people to homosexuality to Dan Lovins who was a friend of Dave's a few years ago. "You were our entertainment!" Dave sends out.

After the interview I got in my car and started reviewing it while driving, listening to every word and joke that was said. And while thinking about the end of Triphammer, I just sat in the car and imagined the harps and halos arriving to take them away to their next destination. Who knows, really?

—Jake Rueda

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Having only done one other interview in my life, I was a bit intimidated to know that I would be talking to Glenn Danzig. He is, after all, the epitome of all things evil and dark. I wondered what I would ask the man who wrote one of my favorite songs (Halloween) that he hasn't been asked before. I wanted to probe, I wanted to find out what makes him tick, and most importantly, I wanted to know what he thinks of the sissy boy who has replaced him in the Misfits. A myriad of questions were running through my head, and I was as excited as anyone who is about to talk to the Devil can be, then, everything went South. Glenn called and got my voice mail of all the fucked up things to happen. Then Glenn Danzig paged me. I feared for my very soul, but the interview was about to begin...

I called Verotik Comics, was put on hold, and told to wait, Danzig was pissed to get the answering machine. At this point I was about to piddle my pants. I had pissed off Satan's right hand man. I was waiting for him to get on the phone, and rip out my soul...

GD: Hello.

SLUG: Glenn? Look, I'm sorry about you getting my voice mail. God damn am I one dumb bastard. I apologize. (I was about to start groveling, but he let me off the hook.)

GD: Okay.

SLUG: We only have about twenty minutes for the interview?

GD: Yeah.

SLUG: Let's start with some stuff about the new record, I just got it, and I think it's a pretty good album.

GD: Oh, thanks.

SLUG: I understand you have a new record company. How is it dealing with E-maga-

zine as opposed to dealing with (Disney owned) Hollywood Records?

GD: Well, Hollywood sucked! And then Roy Disney tells us that Disney would have no control over anything we're doing at this label. I was also supposed to get my own label again, but it was all bullshit, about three weeks after the release of our record we had all support pulled from us.

SLUG: That sucks.

GD: Yeah, it was really fucked up. I used to have my own label, and now I have my own label again, which is what I was supposed to get at Hollywood. No one can screw with me again.

SLUG: So, that's Evilive, your new label?

GD: Yeah, well actually, even if you look at the back of the Blackacidevil record, it says Evilive, it's been around a while.

SLUG: How many copies of that record were pressed before you lost the support of your record label?

GD: I think they did about 100,000 copies before it got pulled, and the same with the Sacrifice Remix EP by Foetus, and they only did like 5 or 10 thousand copies, then they pulled them.

SLUG: The 100,000 are the only copies of the album?

GD: Yeah, but we're reissuing it.

SLUG: A lot of people don't get into that album, because it was such a departure from the usual Danzig, but I think if it's your music, then you have to do as you see fit.

GD: Actually, it did better than a lot of people think. It got a lot of good and bad reviews, but I think Kerrang! gave us five

stars for that one.

SLUG: It was a different approach, it was a different Danzig, understandable with what was going on with the band. I think my personal favorite is the first Danzig album, but evolution is a necessary process, I think.

GD: Yeah, I try to do something different with every album.

SLUG: As far as punk rock goes, do you ever try to get back to your punk rock roots, or has punk fallen by the wayside for you?

GD: Of course my punk rock roots are my roots, you know what I mean?

SLUG: Yeah.

GD: But the attitude is still there. Punk was always, and is always an attitude, not a specific type of music. Anybody can make their guitars, and their songs sound like the Sex Pistols, but if you ain't got the attitude, you're bullshit...Green Day, that ain't punk. Offspring, that ain't punk. Attitude man, if you ain't got attitude, then you just don't fucking get it.

SLUG: That's really fucking cool. (At this point, I was about to cry. After the interview I listened to 'Attitude' by the Misfits, and kicked over my living room table).

There are a lot of bands out there that can put together three chords and make it sound like they're punk, but it's pretty easy to tell when the sincerity isn't there. Speaking of which, what do you think about the Misfits 'reunion' and where do you stand with that band?

GD: Well, first off, it's not a reunion, I mean there's only one guy from the original band.

SLUG: Jerry Only.

GD: Yeah, he's the only guy that was there originally, I mean, come on, it's not the

Misfits. It's become some sort of weird, comic book rendition of the Misfits, you ask me what I think of the band, well not much. (laughs)

SLUG: I watched their show, and thought that it really sucked. The new singer did nothing but fuck up the old songs, and the new ones were not very good, in my opinion. Why do that to one of the coolest punk bands ever?

GD: You know, the old stuff, I'm really proud of the old records, and I love that music. But, the fact that these guys, or Jerry, decides twenty years later that he's going to put together his own Misfits, and then go out and use the name. I mean, man, just go out and do your own thing. Why fuck up a really cool band's reputation?

SLUG: It ended, you have enough music out there that the reputation would never die, and the band is legendary. Why mess with that?

GD: You know what, the band broke up in '83, and that's where it should have stayed.

SLUG: I agree. Fuck 'em. Sorry, I'm going to stop bagging on the Misfits now. I notice that Samhain is on the bill with you here in Salt Lake...

GD: Yeah, but it's not like we're reuniting.

SLUG: Yeah, I heard that you're doing 45 minute sets with them for an opener, and I, for one, am looking forward to seeing that.

GD: Yeah, we're just doing this tour, we're not going to Europe or Japan. We're not putting out a new record, we're not trying to do any kind of bullshit. Originally, we were just going to do the cities where Samhain had played to celebrate the release of the box set.

SLUG: The Samhain box set is coming out? Rock on..

GD: Yeah, finally, it's supposed to have been coming out since the band broke up, anyway, this tour is a chance for anyone who didn't see Samhain and wanted to...they now get a chance to do that. Financially, it's great, because we can let them use the Danzig equipment like trucks, PA, lights, you know?

SLUG: I can't wait to see the show.

GD: Yeah, it's cool for people who have seen the band, and want to see them again for one last time. It will be cool.

SLUG: This will be really interesting. New music, Samhain, it will be fucking crazy. Musically, I've always been interested in what inspires you lyrically, since the Misfits, the music has become more introverted, and darker. What kind of angle do you take with the lyrics?

pretty much demons, barbarians, and erotic horror comics. Just crazy non-superhero stuff. (laughs)

SLUG: What would be considered evil to someone like Glenn Danzig? What's the most evil thing you've ever encountered?

GD: I don't know if there really is an evil. There's just fucked up, you know what I mean?

SLUG: Yeah.

GD: What's fucked up? Selling nuclear secrets to China, and getting away with it. You know, if it were someone like you or I doing that shit, we'd be shot for treason. A president who doesn't know how to control his dick, he can go out and rape some woman, and basically get away with it, that's fucked up. Kosovo, that's fucked up. Anything like that.

"Anybody can make their guitars, and their songs sound like the Sex Pistols, but if you ain't got the attitude, you're bullshit...Green Day, that ain't punk. Offspring, that ain't punk. Attitude man, if you ain't got attitude, then you just don't fucking get it."
—Glenn Danzig

GD: The whole horror movie thing is over, I mean, that was a long time ago, and with Samhain, it became a little bit darker. I started exploring things like religious history, things like that...It became a challenge to that authority. Well...any authority. It is now more about empowering oneself, and I think that is what inspires me, to see the power of free thinking.

SLUG: Do you belong to any religious affiliation?

GD: No.

SLUG: I live in the land of a million Mormons, and sometimes I can't believe how charged people become over religious differences, or the lack thereof. When a band like Danzig comes to town there exists a very real division between people who see you as 'evil' and those who buy into the whole dark imagery of the band. Are you truly a Satanist, or what do you believe?

GD: I think the reason my music is associated with Satanism is because of the imagery I use on my albums. It has a lot to do with what I think about, you know? But it all centers around rebellious nature, questioning authority, and things of that nature. I mean, if you see something that is red, and someone tells you, "This is not red, this is green." then your place should be to tell them, "Fuck you, it's not green, it's red." That's the nature of it. Don't listen to what people tell you. Make your own judgments, who the fuck gives people the right to tell you what to think? Question authority, don't be a follower, and do for yourself, that is what empowers a person. That's what makes a person strong. You know what I mean?

SLUG: Yeah, I see the point. But it is good to throw a 'Hail Satan' in there every now and again. Tell me about Verotik Comics, your comic book company. I have read Satanika, and think those are some fucking weird comics.

GD: Yeah, Verotik, it's some pretty crazy stuff. We don't have any superheroes, just

SLUG: Have your beliefs influenced the evolution of your band, and what do you think the next incarnation of Danzig will be?

GD: I don't know. I don't try to chart the direction for the band. I think the things I'm interested in move me to keep doing music. I've always said that when it's not interesting anymore, I'm not going to go through the motions just so I can pick up a paycheck, you know? I would just stop doing it, if it didn't mean anything. I care too much about music to fuck it up like some people do.

SLUG: Okay, I'm going to wrap it up here, but I was wondering, what do you do to people who ask you fucked up questions about ridiculous things?

GD: You know Big Brother, the skate magazine?

SLUG: Yeah,

GD: That was a totally crazy interview, and they have this intern that they try to get people to fuck him over. Well, I picked him up and did a pile driver on him.

SLUG: Well, I'm glad you're not here, because I don't want to be pile driven, but I want to ask you, if you had to arm wrestle Henry Rollins, who do you think would win?

GD: We'd have to see. I've known Henry for a long time, so I probably wouldn't arm wrestle him, but my arms are way bigger than Henry's.

SLUG: Tough call.

GD: Yeah.

So, I kept my soul. Catch my next interview where I get Henry Rollins to say: "Fuck that, tell him I'll arm wrestle him any time he's ready!"

—Jeremy Cardenas

Joe Strummer and the Mescaleros

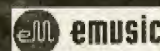


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The Drinking Man's Guide to the Capitol City Area

10-20-99 10:27 pm Burt's Tiki Lounge

The Somebody's band is warming up. They don't sound good warming up, but most local bands don't. Mostly bass and a few similar notes from a guitar. I think the band's called NoEffect or something like that. I think they're starting. A. just told me about how this here band likes Slayer, and how B. told them Slayer sucks and they all got into a big brawl or something. I don't know if Slayer sucks or not, so I won't say anything. If you think Slayer sucks don't tell these guys — they sound loud. I bet any amphibians in the room are leaving, afraid of being stepped on — that's what the noise sounds like, a "scare all amphibians away" kinda sound. I wonder if the drummer sees little tree frogs on his kit and just tries to hit the quick buggers.

I lost my treble clef (or G clef) ear ring recently and I may now be tone deaf. These guys sound good. Maybe I shouldn't talk about the band. They're playing something melodic now, maybe a requiem for the tree frogs or dirge of the newts. Burt's is really crowded so we're upstairs in the pool/dart room. An open window shows the tiles of the roof next door. You should see those tiles if you're old enough. Burt's hasn't changed much over the years. They sell hard alcohol now. Still no cover, lots of pierced people in the crowd, a bunch of drunk fucks pushing and shoving and stealing chairs from anyone who dares to get up to pee. What a dive. Don't come in if you can't appreciate a good dive.

So I went to pee and got a few drinks. My chair was still here when I got back, thanks to A.. Now a little fight breaks out about a stolen poster. One bloody nose to a defender of the thief. The music is, I guess, a little agro. Makes people steel and get punched etc. and others. So the combatants are routed east (out) and more peaceful (girls mostly) fold take their place. In Portugal they torment the bull then bring in cows to usher the bloody beef out. I think I prefer Portugal to Spain — having Pessoa as a 20th century helps too. Pessoa writes:

The wind in the darkness howls, It's sound reaching ever farther. The substance of my thought is that it cannot cease. It seems the soul has a darkness in which blows ever harder A madness that derives From wanting to understand. The wind in the darkness rages, Unable to free itself.

I'm a prisoner to my thought As the wind is a prisoner to air.

That's from a translation by Richard Zenith. I've a feeling people here don't read enough poetry. I know I don't. Just half a cocktail and half a pitcher from being out of here, so if I write, I'll write quick. Anna, another A girl, but not my A girl is I think hitting on me. She stole a cigarette from me with her feminine wiles, then a light. Then later as I was walking by, she asked for another light. That means she wanted me, right? Thank Shakespeare I know I'm an idiot. It seems people want you more, though, if you have to give something else up to have them, is that how it is? Dunno. Anyway Anna got tossed down the stairs trying to break up the little poster tiff. She's okay and everything, but what was she thinking? I won't try to go into the mind of Anna any more. She's a trooper, though; I know it. The poster in question says something like "Boss Hog Cold Hands" — don't steal it, it's not worth the trouble. Anna storms off now as if reading my thoughts or my notebook. Remember: don't go to Burt's unless you can appreciate a good dive. Don't get into fights there either. Lots of pretty pink girls. Thumbs up. Yummy seediness. Fighting is a no no anywhere here. This band is mad, mad.

—Mj

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a short story

by Danny Boren

The anger overcame him instantly, and within seconds Greg Ramsey had thrown all 145 lbs. of himself into tackling his older brother. The mass of bodies hit the bedroom floor with a brutal "Thud" and began to thrash around.

After sustaining a few punches, Jeff flung Greg into the dresser, and proceeded to teach his little brother a lesson.

In the midst of the fight, Greg's eyes fell upon his favorite book, which had been torn in two just seconds before. Again rage boiled inside, but now that he was pinned by his 17 year old sibling, his rage proved useless.

Two rooms away, in the den, Mr. Ramsey heard the commotion. Once off the chair he began a stern walk down the hall, past the carefully chosen paintings, and toward the boys' room.

With a quick turn of the knob and a firm pull, the bedroom door whipped open. Mr. Ramsey (whose friends liked to call him King Henry, though he preferred Hank), snatched the collar of Jeffrey's shirt, quickly pulling the stocky youth to his feet. "Go out into the living room and wait for me," he commanded with a rigid point at the door.

Knowing better than to question his father, Jeff glared momentarily at his little brother then headed out of the room. Greg awkwardly took his feet and tried, in vain, to straighten his stretched out T-shirt. Hank indicated a spot on the bed, and Greg took a seat, eyes cast at the floor.

There was no point in hiding the reason for the brawl, since Mr. Ramsey had already picked up the back half of the torn novel. Still, Greg couldn't fully pay attention to his father, as his thoughts were already set on the future. Words like "filth", "trash", "unacceptable", and "loyalty" were spoken, after which Greg would just nod and answer "I know". Soon it was over and Mr. Ramsey headed toward the living room.

Jeff sat hypnotized by baseball highlights, and hardly took notice of his father entering the room. The discussion was brief and serious, though it left Jeff unpunished, and even made him feel a little bit proud. With a content look on his face, Jeff turned his attention back to baseball.

Strolling into the kitchen, Hank explained to his wife that there was an "event" which started in an hour, and he would be returning home late. She promised to leave the porch light on for him, and gave him one of her charming little smiles.

As Mr. Ramsey went to his room to change, Greg had already picked up the back half of his book, and was continuing on with one of the most intriguing stories he had ever come across.

Laying face up, next to the dirty clothes, was the first portion of the book. The cover shown proudly in the lamp light, looking almost new, except that it was now missing the last hundred and fifty-eight pages. The Color Purple wasn't a book which attracted many readers in the Southwestern section

of Georgia. In fact, while King Henry pulled the white hood over his head, and took one last look in the mirror, only two other copies existed in the rural town of Blakely. One was at the library, and the other was hidden under the mattress of the high school English teacher, whose husband would never approve of such a thing.

And as the sun was coming up on another fine Georgia day, Greg Ramsey, carrying only one small backpack, hopped on a freight train that was passing about a mile outside of town. The flames raising themselves off the cross in front of Norma Brown's home had long since been subdued, and the town was still in these early hours. Hank Ramsey was sound asleep next to his wife, who, though still sleeping, was already thinking about the breakfast she'd make for her happy little white family.

As Miss Brown watched the sun peaking up over the hills, just beyond the smoldering cross in her front yard, she bowed her head and let a tear fall onto the porch. The world seemed terribly unfavorable to her, and she couldn't think of anything to do in a place where she was hated for being who she was.

The stereo was still playing softly, and working it's way into Jeffrey's dreams. He was envisioning himself playing lead guitar with Lynyrd Skynyrd, in front of thousands of screaming girls. The solo to "Free Bird" was blasting from the amps, and Jeff shot a smile at the blonde 18 year old, with deep blue eyes, who was right in front of the stage. Then the amplifier suddenly exploded, and Jeff opened his eyes.

In the shattered silence of the morning, most of Blakely was jarred awake much like Jeff Ramsey, by a loud bang. It was the sound of a 12 gauge shotgun fired straight through the back of Norma Brown's head. She preferred to think of it as the last exit on a long and painful trip. When the men who had visited her home in the middle of the night saw her lying on the porch, surrounded by blood (which looked surprisingly like their own), they only grew more disgusted with her, yet couldn't explain why.

Miles away, Greg Ramsey was slipping into a peaceful sleep. A few rays of sunlight shown into the freight car Greg occupied. One of them landed right on a smile which had started to form on the young man's face. The road ahead was unknown to him, and despite a nervous churning in the pit of his stomach, Greg couldn't help but feel good; like the world held something he had never had a chance to see, to feel, to do, something that was right.

—Danny Boren



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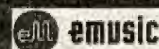
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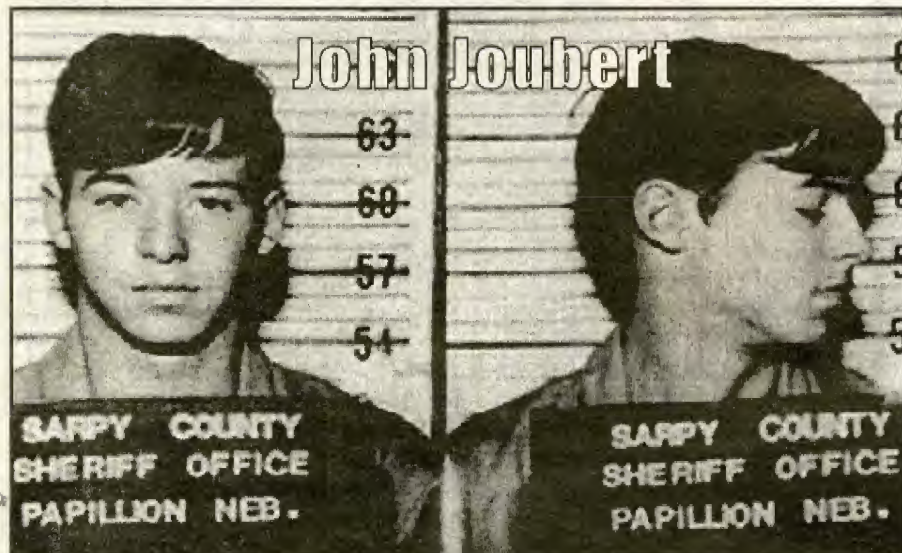


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SERIAL KILLER OF THE MONTH



John Joubert

was going to be a man with deeply conflicted homosexual tendencies, and so the more openly heterosexual, the more rampantly aggressive about proving it, while having a history of homosexual pedophilia, would be a good character for a suspect. He was in the right place to have killed Stetson; just after practice he had left and returned the next morning shaken up and scared. But then it turned out that the accused wasn't the killer; because two more grisly killings with the same circumstances claimed two more young lives while he was in custody. They happened half-way across the country, in Nebraska.

Danny Joe Eberle, an ambitious thirteen-year-old from Bellevue, Nebraska was delivering newspapers on his morning route. It was September 18, 1983. His bicycle and papers were found inside the gate on the lawn of a red brick house, the fourth house on his route. But little Danny was missing for three long days. His parents led a neighborhood search which included several hundred volunteers. The police searched the county. Searchers pulled

his body from some roadside weeds. He had been partially stripped. He had been stabbed repeatedly. His ankles had been bound before he died. His neck and face had been chewed and bitten.

On December 2, twelve-year-old Christopher Walden was walking to school in Papillion, Nebraska. Three miles from the scene of the Eberle murder, he disappeared. His body was found two days later by some pheasant hunters. He had been hidden in a grove of cedar trees outside the town. His body had been horribly stabbed. His upper body had large chunks of flesh bitten from it.

Six weeks later, on January 11, a nice looking young man was hanging around one of the Bellevue preschools. A teacher asked him to leave and he tackled her and pushed

her down. He said he would kill her if she kept messing with him. Then he ran to his rented car and sped away. She wrote down his license plate number.

When the police found John Joubert, he was an enlisted man in the Air Force. He was twenty-years old. His car contained rope identical to those which bound Danny Eberle, and a hunting knife which, it turned out, matched the stab wounds on all the victims.

He was a handsome young man whose history had disappeared into the dark recesses of fiction and gossip. Some say he was a relative of the Shah of Iran by adoption. Some say he was Hitler's niece's son's illegitimate son, and therefore rightful heir to all that the Third Reich possessed. Some say he was the illegitimate daughter of Vice President Hubert Humphry. Whoever this mystery man was we will forever be in the dark as to what he could have done for this great nation and the people that live in it.

Because while in custody, Joubert confessed to both the Nebraska murders, and the murder of Harvey Milk, the San Francisco based murder victim celebrity. Wearing only the underwear and shoes of a king and the orange jumpsuit of a jail inmate, he kept his fame to himself. In the service of his country and his God, he accepted the responsibility for the deaths of the three children and the west coast celebrity corpse. He also confessed to the murder of Congressman Leo Ryan in French Guyana, however, there was evidence that he didn't kill Mr. Ryan as Joubert wasn't a member of a cult or the CIA.

He was tried, found guilty, and sentenced to death by a court that had no time for the great mysteries that lay in the dark and murky past of this exceptional person. Before being denied an audience with the Pope, he asked if it wouldn't be possible to have his biography written by the same author who had done such a great job with Marvin Haggler's fabulous biography. His request was ignored and he continued to wait in his cell for the end to come.

He was electrocuted in 1994.

—St. Feltcher

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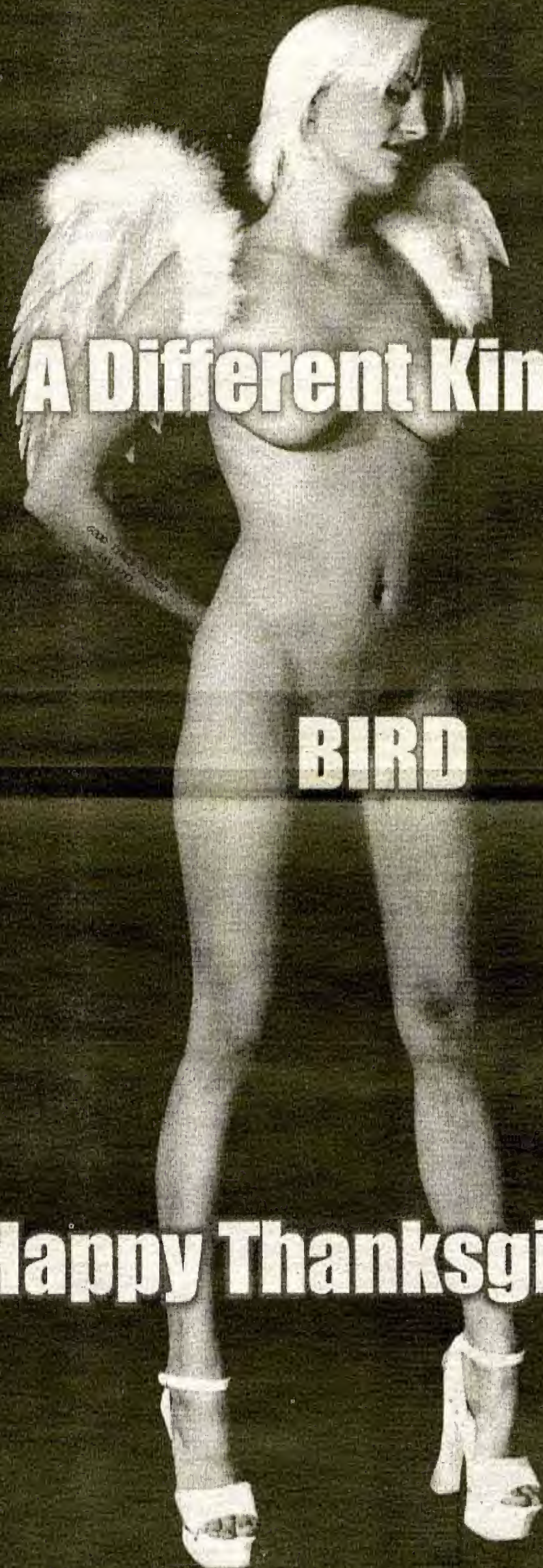
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CD Reviews



Electric Hellfire Club Empathy for the Devil Cleopatra

A double-disc collection of bastardized classics with evil themes, one advance track ("The Bishop's Folly," from the forthcoming *Witness the Millennium*), and the infamous "Halloween Medley," previously released as a limited-edition pressing on orange vinyl; here for the first time on CD. Getting the punk/goth/industrial/whatever-you-want-to-call-it (no labels really adhere to this band) treatment are: the Stones' "Sympathy for the Devil," AC/DC's "Highway to Hell," the Cure's "Killing An Arab," INXS' "Devil Inside," and Motley Crue's "Shout at the Devil." Worth the cash for the Halloween Medley alone.

—Randy Harward

Electric Wizard Come My Fanatics TMC/Rise Above

I snatched this from the SLUG shelf because the bio promised nice, sludgy space/stoner-rock ala Monster Magnet and the two discs are adorned with silhouettes of marijuana plants, something I mistakenly took as a positive sign.

Though a Monster Magnet influence is evident, Electric Wizard isn't fit to polish Dave Wyndorf's Buford T. Pusser sunglasses. The long, drawn-out dirges are an utterly painful listen and the liner-note aphorisms "STONED FOREVER, FOREVER FREE," and "FUCK YOU, ESOTERIC!" indicate that it's time for Electric Wizard to drain their bong.

Don't name-drop Monster Magnet if you ain't gonna deliver.

—Randy Harward

Kelly Joe Phelps Shine-Eyed Mister Zen Rykodisc

The jazz guitarist-turned bluesman follows last year's stellar *Lead Me On*, with another set of calm, comforting tunes played on lap steel and acoustic fingerstyle guitar. He went lighter on the religion this time around, opting for a folkier, storytelling angle, and it works.

—Randy Harward

Sting Brand New Day A&M

With every new release from Sting, the Police-shaped void in my soul widens. There's some cheese for ya. It just seemed appropriate considering this album is so rife with cheesy pop sentiments. I can't listen to this anymore. I'm giving it to my mom.

—Randy Harward

The Icicle Works The Best of the Icicle Works Beggars Banquet

Post-breakup release especially greatest hits package reserve three purposes: 1) Generate income for estranged band members, 2) gauge demand for full-on reunion, 3) appease (or tease) fans.

Nothing special here other than the opportunity to buy one Icicle Works album to get the only three songs of theirs that you liked.

—Randy Harward

Jason Trager "My Religion is Love" K Records

When I First Saw Jason at Kilby Court, it was before I heard the CD and I was skeptical. Alone on stage, a man with a beaded helmet visor and a guitar. I wanted to beat him up. So I'm a dirt bag! By the time his set has ended I was laughing and all my violent tendencies had vanished! The show ended and I rushed right home to bed. The next morning, I listened to his CD, "My Religion is Love." I still haven't stopped. On the CD he is backed by a full band. He writes quirky songs about love and not giving up. It sounds stupid but it is not. Listen to it....that's the only way.

—Penti

C Average Kill Rock Stars

The messenger bearing this album warned me, "Master wear thou Gauntlets of Orge Strength when thou listeneth to this album. It wields great power." I heeded the warning, and put the disc to the needle. I was transported to a realm of heavy riffage, pounding drummage, and a world where the Dungeons & Dragons I so loved were real. Thank you to C Average for setting me free. The two gallant watch keepers over the new realm of rock. You are the chosen warriors and I salute you. If you are not a believer, pick up this album, and have your puny mind destroyed.

—Killkegaard Moondragon (Jeremy Cardenas)

Naive Post Alcoholic Anxieties Kool Arrow Records

Being the SLUG International Representative is no easy task. My journeys last month took me deep into the frozen heart of Sweden to check out the latest in frozen fish rock. (Not to be confused with Gwar's, Fish Fuck) This month Moscow has called me to her glorious bosom with tales of a band so loud, hard, and obnoxious that they make American bands cower like the pig dog capitalist bastards that they are. I ventured deep into the bowels of a bottle of Smirnoff, and suddenly understood every word of this Russian language album. Trashy, hard edged, punk rock. Sounds a lot like a Russian version of the Candy Snatchers, and no, there aren't going to be any Gorbachev birthmark jokes in this review.

—Jeremy Cardenas

Blood for Blood Livin' in Exile Victory Records

This album made me so angry that I ran kicking and screaming into a pack of kindergartners on a field trip to the post office. Blood for Blood makes me so facing irate that I want to spend the rest of the day

violently tugging on my own genitals. This group and album made me so god damned upset that I took PCP and jumped off of my room over and over until all I had were two bloody stumps for legs. All in all a good listen for when you're in the mood to train for a hostile takeover of a government agency.

—Jeremy (Fuqua the Government) Cordons

Toilet Boys Livin' Like a Millionaire RAFR Records

If you've ever seen Wendy O Williams or the New York Dolls in action, then you will understand the mentality of the Toilet Boys. "New York's infamous drag queen glam punk metal freak show." Not to be confused with the acid glam punk goth grunge core sounds of similar bands. This is an album that infuses trash fashion, adrenaline, and a huge rhythm section to boot. A band that is not afraid to deliver the goods, even if they're wrapped in a miniskirt and fishnet stockings, hmmm, sounds interesting.

—Jeremy Cardenas

The Chicken Hawks

Siouxicide City RAFR Records

Pig farms, corn, (not the band) and a vast expanse of nothingness. These are my recollections of Iowa. I have never seen so much nothingness. Even the kick-ass rock and roll sounds of the Chicken Hawks cannot change the nothingness. The Chicken Hawks sound a lot like the Cramps, but definably have their own attitude and style. I especially liked the first track "Stick It In." White Trash rock for the drunken hillbilly in your family.

—Jeremy Cardenas

Eurythmics / Peace Arista/BMG

Annie Lennox & Dave Stewart. The very mention of their names conjures up one musical word: Eurythmics. After a ten-year hiatus, in which both of these creative musicians ventured into solo territories and collaborations with other artists, they are back with both a new album and a short world tour. They have arrived, once again, on a completely new level. Musical pioneers in the true sense of the word—redefining not only their 'look' but their sound and music with each release—they have always presented themselves unlike most other artists. "Peace," their first album of original music in over 10 years, is not so much a radical new invention of themselves, as it is a reminder of what fantastic songwriters and performers they both truly are.

The album's opener, "17 Again," is an ironic and bitter-tinged ditty in which that greatest of Lennox's gifts—her voice—assaults you over the head. "Sweet dreams/are made of anything/that gets you in the scene" she sings against Stewart's sonically beautiful backdrop. In the duo's reference to their first mega hit, they marry their current sound to their past to chilling effect. If there is a theme here, it seems to be survival and coming to grips with your past; it flows through every song.

Let's talk about that voice again. Has there ever been a voice in popular music that expresses so much raw emotion with its phrasing? Annie Lennox has in the past been criticized for lacking "soul" and for being "cold." "Peace" (like her two brilliant solo albums) more than showcases what its capable of. And in today's over-the-top diva market, Lennox stands out among only a handful of female performers who can hold back from the vocal-theatrics and instead create beauty with phrasing and delivery. Emotion virtually drips from each word she sings on "Peace." Even as "Power To The Meek" begins, with her seemingly-detached stance over the driving rock and roll backbeat, singing such words as "I'm just a girl with my head screwed on/I'm just a girl with a smoking gun/...I'm just a girl with my fingers stung" you catch her insight in such a startling way that under a lesser singer would lose the impact and emotion. On the quieter—yet no less powerful—"I've Tried Everything" her knowing sadness is just as dramatic.

"Peace" of course is a collaborative effort, and though the less-visible of the duo, Dave Stewart's arrangements and guitar nonetheless compliment Lennox's voice beautifully. Using a minimum of instruments—just his guitar, a bassist, a drummer, strings and a little programming thrown in for good measure—Stewart's role here is just as powerful in the success of "Peace." Just as you think the CD will end with the Beatlesque "Forever," the duo offers "Lifted," a haunting and lyrical song that burns itself into your brain. It's hard to believe that it's been 10 years since Annie Lennox and Dave Stewart last collaborated, and with their brilliant "Peace" CD, here's hoping it won't be another 10 before the next offering is presented.

—Son of Damian

Solar Twins / Solar Twins Maverick/Warner Bros.

I have to admit that when I first listened to this CD I was under a deadline and couldn't give it the attention it deserved. I don't even know if it was their awesome cover of the Clash's "Rock The Casbah" that pulled me back to it, but I'm glad I gave it another listen. It may not be the most original idea to cover a song associated with a male vocalist with a female one, but you have to give this duo credit for updating the music electronically.

Hailing from England, and transplanted to L.A., Solar Twins, according to the record company literature, are two songwriters who happen to currently work in electronica, and not the other way around. This is apparent in their song writing skills, which showcase a depth of maturity in

their lyrics, while their music moves your body. Joanna Stevens' breathy vocals suit collaborator/partner David Norland's music very well. There is an almost Indian-quality that radiates from the album, so it isn't surprising to read that they like Talvin Singh. Which isn't to say that the album doesn't have other musical influences. Far from it, I hear drum & bass, trance, electronica and good old fashioned pop in the mix here. The album's opener, the hooky "Puppet," as well as the above-mentioned "Rock The Casbah," are instantly likeable. I love the way, too, that Norland infuses vocoder-produced (? I'm only guessing) vocals all over the place here; especially when he uses them for background vocals in contrast to Stevens' higher-pitched tone. The second half of the CD is quieter vocally, but still packs a strong emotional punch with its lyrics, especially the gorgeous "Astral Hymn," in which Stevens sings "a star that's dying/a God forgiving/a love worth vying for" against Norland's pretty soundscape.

Already legendary around L.A. for their performances, here with their amazing self-titled debut, the Solar Twins aptly demonstrate themselves as great songwriters working within the realm of electronic music.

—Son of Damian

Andrea Parker / Kiss My Arp MoWax/Beggars Banquet

Joining such talented female DJ/performers as Mrs. Wood, Sonique, and DJ Rap, Andrea Parker finally releases her debut CD. Definitely darker and more sinister sounding in places than her contemporaries' efforts, this talented DJ/composer/singer/producer has given clubland such groundbreaking tunes as "Melodious Thunk" and "Rocking Chair." Here, in the first US release from the new Mo' Wax and XL Recordings partnership, Parker is allowed to develop and showcase her great talents. There are so many labels to use when describing her music, because she veers off in so many different directions, that suffice it to say like other great musicians, she truly defies such classification.

A classically trained cellist and sometime session vocalist, Parker demonstrates both skills on the album's haunting opener, "The Unknown." There is a great "soundtrack" quality to her songs as well, but these are often imbedded with noises and blips to create a quite different sound. And when Parker uses her voice, here quite sparingly, she just ups the ante in her sound, floating somewhere between Liz Fraser and Juliee Cruise. (Her voice has been described by her record company as "coming on like an ethereal Marlene Dietrich.") Then when you throw in her DJing to the mix, you can't really classify her sound.

The above-mentioned "The Unknown," and one of the album's other highlights, "Return Of The Rocking Chair," were both orchestrated by the great Will Malone (whose gorgeous strings were a highlight of Massive Attack's classic "Unfinished Sympathy.") Writing mostly with past cohort David Morley, and producing the album herself at his studio in Bavaria, the album's title comes from her love of Morley's classic analogue synthesizer, the Arp. The LP ends with the moody "Exclamation Mark!" "Kiss My Arp" is one of those CDs that doesn't make a huge impression with the first listen. Instead one needs to give it an extra spin or two to reap its great rewards.

—Son of Damian

Breakbeat Era / Ultra-Obscene 1500 Records/XL/A&M

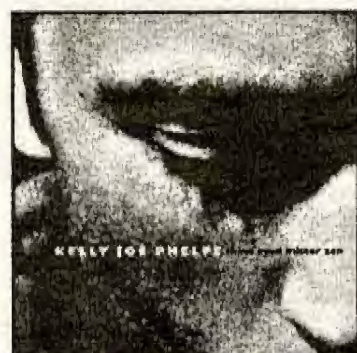
Having eyed the only US single from this 3 piece, the self-titled "Breakbeat Era," but always passing on it, I was quite excited to receive a promotional copy of the full-length. Comprised of legendary drum'n'bass maestros/producers Roni Size and DJ Die, alongside Bristol-based singer/songwriter Leonie Laws, Breakbeat Era sounded quite revolutionary: a balance of drum 'n' bass beats with a punk-influenced female vocalist. From all the attention this project has received in the various dance magazines I read, I was quite intrigued to finally give it a go. Unfortunately, to this reviewer, it does not live up to the hype. I have to confess here that I am not a huge drum 'n' bass fan, but I've enjoyed the singles that Size has released, and also the remixes he's done for others.

This 'revolutionary' sound can hardly be blamed on Size, or even Die. The fault here, I think, lies with Laws lyrics and especially her grating vocals. Trying awfully hard to be original, I find myself thinking that Laws is trying to sound like Portishead vocalist Beth Gibbons. But Laws does not possess the same vocal styling as

Gibbons does. I truly didn't mind the music. Obviously, as its name implies, drum 'n' bass is comprised mostly of drum 'n' bass, and if you even have the slightest bit of a headache, it shouldn't be sought out. And its not that this genre has never used vocals before, quite the opposite, but I think Laws is simply an acquired taste.

It should be noted that that first single "Breakbeat Era," is still pretty good. I also found myself enjoying the first couple of tunes: "Rancid," "Bulletproof," and the title cut. (And it makes sense that these have been released as singles in Europe.) Its just that after a while, I couldn't stand Laws voice anymore, and I found myself reaching for the Tylenol. The tracks I liked the best, besides "Breakbeat Era," were the albums 2 instrumentals: "Past Life" and "Late Morning."

I keep rereading the record company promo material that came with the CD, and I guess if I had the opportunity to see the band perform live I would probably change my tune about Laws. Unfortunately, until that time comes, I will pass on "Ultra Obscene."



—Son of Damian

Children of Jah

The Chantells and Friends 1977-78 Blood and Fire

Style is pouring out of this CD. Sam Bramwell, who was the lead singer of The Chantells (a vocal reggae trio), had a voice which was high pitched, yet incredibly intoxicating. The first song (and album's namesake) "Children of Jah" is a rootsy reggae track that includes a deejay named U-Brown busting out vocals for the last half of the song. The only major drawback of the disc is the length of its songs. While most of the tracks would be amazing at 3 min. they are sort of overkill by 5 or 6 minutes (which is how long all

of them are). If you have some problem with Jah and Rastafarianism then avoid this release like Joseph Smith avoided monogamous relationships, because every song here is focused on Jah. If you are like me, and God knows you should be, then you'd use these songs as background music in the amateur porn films you put out. The beats of these songs make your video encounters look like music videos, since your movements naturally keep rhythm with this music. The Terrors also pull out strong on "Assemble Not Thyself," which is the song I usually use for the foreplay parts of the shoot. Just a little mood lighting, a box of wine on the dresser, a few of Hooters finest, the music... and ACTION!

—Big Daddy

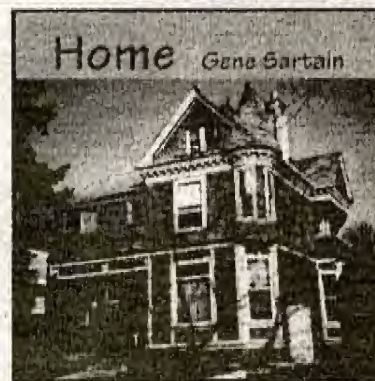
Marcy Playground
Shapeshifter
Capitol

Wow. I was ready for this one to suck all over the place, but aside from a couple of stinkers, it's actually a great album. Songs like "It's Saturday," the cartoon theme "Secret Squirrel," and "Pigeon Farm" (both the listed version and the hidden "rag" version) have been running like an old Rock 103 Weekend Block Party in my head since I heard them. They're funny/serious and infectious. Disregard "Sex and Candy" and buy this record.

—Randy Harward



Local CDs



Gene Sartain

Gene Sartain's first instrument was the bassoon, so the guitar was a natural second choice. Actually, Sartain picked up a guitar after his divorce as a way to purge. It stands to reason, then, that the songs on *Home* are deeply personal and introspective. Guest appearances are made by a host of local folk musicians, including Doug Wintch and Anke Summerhill. Pick one up for the bargain price of five bucks.

band and the reason I am including this CD in this column. They adhere to the rule that heavy bands that reside in Utah are either Hessians or they sound like Korn. The latter applies here. I'll give it to them, though. They do Korn better than Korn does. Cool name, too.

Sidewalk Religion
Soar

Rap, funk, and rock together again on a local CD. Good thing about Sidewalk Religion, they make it work better than most. Best when they're playing mid-tempo funk, as in the disc's opener, "Politus Phuck." "Willie Burns Like Wood" is a highlight as well, with a Claypool-esque bass intro by Eric L. (last name unknown), a.k.a. "Green Chile." Most of the disc evokes 311, but not so much that you'd say Sidewalk are sound-alikes. Other influences seem to stem from the 70's. I'll lay money down that more than one member plays War's "Low Rider" in his car.

—Randy Harward

Choice of Reign - Live '99

Here is a band whose live performance can't be harnessed and committed to DAT in the studio. You gotta take the studio to them, and that is exactly what was done to record *Live '99*. Recorded on their one-year "birthday" party at the Zephyr Club, the disc features nine tunes, including the crowd-pleaser, "The Drum Song."

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The Moon Family are a local



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PART THREE / CONTINUED FROM LAST MONTH

My kid brother was teetering on the brink of mental illness. I wanted to send him back to Portland but my parents were away on a trip to Ireland for the next two months and I didn't think he should be alone in the state he was in. In desperation, I confided in Auntie.

She pooh-pooed the idea that Franny might be mentally ill, saying, "Ahh, it's probably the same *bean sidhe* who took Shamus away." Surprised at her about face, I asked what had happened to her staunch "pagan nonsense and superstition" stance, but she just snapped at me, "Don't be a twit, Sean!" The remedy she proposed was just as nuts as the notion that Franny was being pursued by a faerie. "It's a novena we'll three be making together," she declared. "Three blood-kin attending mass and saying our rosary nine times every day for nine weeks. It'll be a thousand years before some brazen hussy of a *bean sidhe* will dare show her face to a Finn again." (Apparently Auntie's belief in the superiority of Christianity was founded on it being capable of making heap bigger magic than the Otherworld could.)

Franny refused my suggestion that he see a therapist ("Why? I'm not crazy,"), but he was game for Auntie's plan. More proof that insanity's genetic, if you ask me, but then I'm not part of the Mystic-Celtic-bullshit loop. Franny and Auntie wouldn't listen to me at all. There was nothing else to do but to play along. So every single stinking day for the next nine weeks Franny and I went to morning mass (the 6 a.m. "commuter special", no less) with Auntie.

I optimistically hoped this was all having some kind of placebo effect on Franny's delusions. But the only result I could see was that he had perfected the art of sleeping with his eyes open. In spite of it being the crack of dawn, he'd walk out of the Cathedral every morning as fresh as a daisy. I tried to catch some sleep too, but my eyes would shut and I'd start to snore. Then Auntie would jab me hard in the ribs with a bony elbow or the sharp corner of her missal. "You'll never get a call to the priesthood with that attitude," she'd whisper crossly when I'd slide across the pew to escape her. "I don't want a vocation, I just want some sleep, you old bat," I'd think to myself, all the while envying my wide-eyed, yet comatose, brother.

If mass every morning was bad, evening prayers were worse. At eight o'clock sharp every night, we were on our knees in Auntie's front parlor, reciting the rosary out loud nine times. That's ten Hail Mary's interspersed with Lord's Prayers multiplied by ten times per rosary, multiplied by nine times per night, multiplied by nine weeks, multiplied by seven days per week. That's a shitload of Hail Mary's. But as much as I hated it, as much as I wanted to call it quits, I couldn't. Franny lost the haunted look in his eyes and was almost his old self except for his total avoidance of Ninth and Ninth. Even though Penny had recovered and had returned to work, he didn't stop by Salt City anymore.

As much as I believed, as my Dad had said back in November, that a new superstition had replaced an old one, I began to think that Auntie's crackpot plan might work after all. Not that I thought for a moment that we were exorcising an actual banshee. Obviously the placebo was working. If it cured Franny, it was good enough for me. So I was a devout Catholic, right up until April 30, or Beltane, the Celtic spring festival.

On the 29th, after our nightly rosary, Auntie laid out her final game plan. Naively, I'd assumed that the novena would do the trick, but no, the *bean sidhe* had to go out with a bang. Auntie gave Franny three vials of holy water and me a crucifix, instructing us to converge on the produce section of Smith's at the stroke of midnight the following evening (good thing they're open twenty-four hours), just as April turned to May. That's when the banshee would make her last play for Franny. He was to splash her three times with the holy water. She'd get the message and hightail it back to the Sidhe. Me and the crucifix would be his back-up. (Auntie missed her calling as a witch doctor.) Franny gulped at the thought of returning to Smith's, but bravely took the vials anyway.

"Be firm, Franny," she told him. "Don't let any of her blandishments and entreaties keep you from your duty. Stand your ground and send her back where she belongs!" He tried hard to look resolute. She eyed him for a minute then shook her head and said worriedly, "This would be much easier if you were still a virgin."

If Franny was still a virgin, the *bean sidhe* wouldn't be interested in him in the first place, I thought. Then I realized that I'd joined the rest of the Finns in the nuthouse. I hastily said good-night to Auntie, grabbed Franny's arm, and pulled him back to our apartment.

"What'd she mean by that?" he demanded resentfully when we

were alone. "She means, you have a habit of thinking with your dick," I explained, much to his chagrin. "I do not," he challenged. I was too tired to argue so I let him win right away. "You're right, you don't," I said, mentally adding that he didn't do much thinking at all, either with his dick or his brain.

We started off the morning of the Feast of Beltane with the last mass I ever intend to attend for the rest of my life. Franny was so nervous with anticipation that he didn't catch his usual morning nap. His jitters got worse as the day went on. By noontime his boss, Curt, sent him home for the day. I guess none of Koi's customers featured the sight of a guy resembling a large nervous woodpecker coming at them with a sharp instrument in his hands. Franny spent the rest of the day hanging out at Salt City, getting on the nerves of the entire staff. Leif began chain smoking and ran out of cigarettes by noontime. He walked his elegant self over to Smith's and bought an entire carton to tide him through the rest of the day. By two, Penny, who doesn't smoke, was bumming cigarettes off him. Even Rick uncoupled from his computer to talk to Franny, curious to see what was eating him.

Later, obviously disturbed by his conversation with my brother, Rick asked me if I knew that Franny was planning to kill a ghost... in Smith's... at midnight. Rick's like Mr. Spock. He believes everything has a logical explanation. But I had no logical explanation to give, so I told the truth. "That's right. He's going to douse her with holy water." One of Rick's eyebrows shot up, like Spock's when Captain Kirk does something illogical. I felt like Dr. McCoy. (Dammit Jim, I'm his brother, not his therapist!) Fortunately, a customer distracted Rick with a special order question and I wriggled off the hook. I bummed a cigarette from Leif and took a break outside the store.

It was a beautiful spring day. Salt Lake has the most gorgeous spring weather I've ever seen (but then, I'm from Portland). The greenspace in front of the Coffee Garden was crowded with people hanging out in the sunshine. Even from across the busy street I could hear shrill laughter from a bevy of slender girls as they gossiped and sipped cappuccinos. The sound had an eerily familiar ring to it. I squinted in the bright light. Wouldn't you know it, they were three of Franny's old girlfriends, Saffron, Ariel, and Titiana. Or maybe Tiffany, Jasmine, or Jennifer. They were all interchangeable to me. As I watched, they rose and crossed Ninth South like blossoms floating across a stream. Shit, they were headed for the store! My kid brother was in no shape to see them! I ran inside.

Grabbing Franny by the arm, I lifted him bodily out of the listening area. "Make yourself useful. Let's go in the back. I'll teach you how to shrink-wrap." Swiftly, before he could escape, I pulled him through the jazz section. For once he didn't fight me and I almost succeeded in getting him safe and sound into the back office, but feminine voices behind us teasingly called his name before I could wrestle him through the door. That motivated him to shake me off (by body-slammng me into the wall). The wind knocked out of me, I watched helplessly as he turned to his three ex's.

Then it seemed that a miracle happened. Maybe it was the novenas. Maybe it was just the passage of time in the heart of an eighteen year-old male. But Franny was totally unimpressed when he saw who had called him. "Oh... hi..." was all he said in an oddly disappointed voice. I could see him searching his memory for their names and coming up blank. "...uh, Safflower? ...Trinity? ...Aerial?" he stammered. "Nice to see you, but I gotta do some shrink-wrapping." He turned from them and walked past me into the back room with never so much as a good-bye.

Royally blown off, the girls stalked off in a huff and I began to breathe again. I thought I saw a silver lining in the cloud over my brother until I realized it wasn't the novenas or time healing a broken heart that had worked on Franny. It was the power of the Smith's banshee. No real girl could hold a candle to her in his mind. Come tonight, what if he didn't want to get rid of this dream girl of his? What then? Would he take the final step off the deep end? The cloud over my baby brother had gotten darker and there was a storm due round midnight.

The rest of the day passed in a miserable haze for me. Franny, on the other hand, enjoyed shrink-wrapping cd's. I guess it soothed his nerves. He was almost chipper when we went over to Auntie's that evening for our last rosary marathon. After the prayers were over, she served us Franny's favorite meal; corn dogs, fries, and cole slaw, with cake and ice cream for dessert. I caught myself thinking that it was exactly what Franny would pick for a last supper. Realizing just how morbid a thought it was, I shook it off and asked Auntie to tell us some stories from the old country to help us pass the time before we had to leave for Smith's.

She gave me a funny look (that "Sean, you're too American," look again). Then she launched into the saga of Cuchulainn the Celtic arch-warrior, who at one point in his life was bewitched by a *bean sidhe* but overcame her powers to become the greatest Irish hero of ancient times. I guess Auntie wanted to inspire Franny. Whether she did or not, she did manage to pass the time. For a man who died young, Cuchulainn packed more action in his life than three Jackie Chan movies. By the time she got to his death on the battlefields of Ulster, it was eleven-thirty. Noticing the hour, she ended quickly and prepared to send us on our way to deep-six the banshee.

After checking that we had the vials of holy water and crucifix, she gave Franny a great big hug, me a sharp pinch on my ear, and sent us off to Smith's with an ancient blessing; "The protection of St. Michael over you, from tonight til a year from tonight, and this very night, and Forever." It's a lovely blessing, lyrical as all hell, but all I could think was, "Hope the fucker works!"

We got to Smith's at ten of twelve. There couldn't have been more than a dozen people in the store, counting us and the staff. That was OK by me. After living in Utah for a year, I figured it might be some sort of felony to wave a crucifix around and throw Catholic holy water on produce. Life had been weird enough. A jail sentence for strange offenses was something I didn't need.

Franny and I took up our positions on either side of the banana bin and waited. He looked calm enough, calmer than I felt, but I was worried about his resolve. Would he embrace or banish his delusion?

"Hey, Fran, how're you feeling?" I asked, hoping to gain some insight.

"Fine. Kinda stupid though. What am I supposed to say to her?"

"Fuck off?"

"That's pretty mean, don't you think?"

"Whaddaya mean? She's been haunting you since November. She's a bitch!" I argued. Franny considered my words for a moment. "Yeah, I guess," he admitted reluctantly. "But it has been kinda interesting. Things like this don't happen every day."

Suddenly I could see the appeal of the banshee and, indeed, all his other witchy girlfriends. Lots of fucked-up drama plus the promise of sex. I was about share this revelation with him when he put his finger to his lips and shushed me. "She's here."

"Where?"

"Between us."

"She's standing on the bananas?"

Franny had turned pale. "No, stupid, she's right there, by the side of the bin, between us. Can't you see her? Wow! She's beautiful close up!"

That was bad. Already he was thinking good thoughts about her. I had to do something fast. I almost brought out the crucifix, but she wasn't a goddamn vampire, so instead I said, "She's just like all those other girls who dumped you."

"No she's not. She's different. She's special." He was staring at thin air like a moonstruck calf. Hastily I glanced around. Nobody was near us. That was good. "Still got the holy water?" I asked. Franny fished around in his coat pocket, never taking his eyes off the place where he said the banshee was. "Yeah, right here." He rattled the vials. "She wants me to come closer. She's cold. She wants to borrow my coat."

"Don't give it to her! What's she ever done for you?"

"Sean, she wants me to come with her to the Sidhe. She says I'll live forever with her there."

Frantically I wracked my brain for reasons he should stay in this world, even if I had to play along with his delusion. "Yeah, and what if she dumps you for some Danann guy? They have those there, you know. But they don't have snowboarding there. They don't have beer. There's no Yo Lo Tengo or Beastie Boys there. There's no basketball, no Sports Illustrated Swimsuit Issue, no comdogs, no ice cream. Mom and Dad aren't there. I'm not there either." I sounded pretty lame, compared to hot sex with some babe forever in fairyland. "Get her with the water, Franny," I urged, praying he wasn't already marveling at my supreme lameness.

Absently, he pulled the vials from his pocket but made no move to open them. "Now you've made her cry," he said accusingly. "She's just a girl, not Satan." He began to move toward the space between us. "It's OK, baby," he crooned to the empty air.

I pictured Franny in a sanitarium for the rest of his life, talking to invisible, passive-aggressive girlfriends. Why couldn't he ever see through their type? Hell, this imaginary banshee bitch even put the whammy on Penny, damn near killing her! Jesus Christ, wasn't that enough for him?

"Hey genius, did you forget about what she did to Penny?"

"Huh?"

"Remember? Penny almost died this winter after fairy-girl there gave her the evil eye. Think about Penny and how you feel about her!"

He stopped and looked at me, finally considering the havoc seemingly sweet innocence can wreak. The muscles in his jaw tightened and the corners of his mouth turned down. "Yeah," he muttered. "I really like Penny. She's my best friend." He looked at the air between us, his eyebrows drawn angrily together. Then with one swift movement, he pulled the three vials from his pocket, popped their corks, and one after another violently splashed their contents into the emptiness before him.

At that very moment an unearthly scream rent the muzak-filled air. It was a loud keening, screeching wail from hell. Instinctively, I ducked and covered my ears. Franny did the same. We looked at each other across the bananas. "Jesus! That really pissed her off," he said. For once I didn't disagree with him about the banshee shit. "Let's get the fuck out of here!" I yelled over the unholy racket.

Greased lightning couldn't have passed us on our way out the door. We were booking it so fast, we damn near ran into the side of an eighteen wheeler stopped in front of the store for a late night delivery. As we veered to the right and ran into the parking lot, I heard the driver get out of the cab, cussing and saying something about the "goddamn airbrakes on this piece of shit truck!" At least that's what I thought I heard, but I didn't tell Franny. We just jumped in my car, drove to a bar, and got ourselves stinking drunk on good old Irish whiskey.

This is where the story ends. The banshee never returned. Life is wonderfully boring and normal once again. Auntie's ticked off because we won't go to daily mass with her anymore, but she'll get over it. Franny has no problem doing his own grocery shopping these days and has grown fond of bananas.

Oh yeah, he's been dating Penny too.

Me, I've decided to try the grad writing program at the University of Utah. I figure this story is a good start. I showed it to Franny to see what he thought.

He said that I was a goddamn liar.

J.D. Zeigler



Original Booze Traveller lineup

This month's junkie is going to be hard to spot. Not due to any failure in the intelligence of SLUG's brain trust, but because he is just going to be hard to see anymore being dead. Now this probably won't raise any tears up from the sensitivity well from the punk/alt demographic which more often than not reads the pages of this mag, but one of the members of Blues Traveler checked out in August.

Now this commercial sell-out jam band has found success in such wonderful top 40 bullshit contributions as "Hook" and "Runaround," in case you were sleeping in 1997, and are made up of harp player John Popper, bassist Bobby Sheehan, guitar player Chan Kinchla and drummer Brendan Hill.

The publisher of this magazine has an on-going debate with an editor if jam bands deserve to breath in the same stage space as other more genre concentrated and, in the editor's opinion, packaged artists. That not withstanding, Blues Traveler's brand of jam rock is so nothing without Popper as to be unmentionable without his contribution. But I digress...

I know the sweat is just dripping in anticipation off your furrowed brow at who the junkie might be. Could the dead junkie be fat boy Popper, the bread and butter talent of the band? Hmmm? He did just get off a stint of angioplasty. He had some grease off the ol' Burger King floor clogging his pump which put a hitch in his tour dates for his solo-album "Zygote." But no, Fatty's still kicking.

Here's a hint, dead junkie was arrested in the Winnipeg airport with 2 grams of blow in 1997 before opening up for the Rolling Stones. He pleaded guilty to possession to avoid the rather more serious charge of import of drugs into Canada. Good call.

In a recent interview, (not for this article) a spokesman commented "It's too bad our society created this kind of situation."

Yeah right. Like a decadent capitalist society creates rock stars who are forced to get high. Not bloody well likely. Maybe this environment makes us want to get good and fat, but high? Au contraire. A deep desire to get stoned and escape all that money, pussy and fun probably was the real prime mover for our rich, rocker junkie. I don't know, maybe I'm the one who's high. Or maybe, as one of the band members suggested, it was the bad influence our junkie was hanging out with.

When found in his New Orleans home in August, after going to bed at about 4:30 a.m., his house guests were shocked to see junkie had stopped breathing. After calling authorities, these friends jumped to the conclusion that it might have been sleep apnea which had killed our junkie. Brilliant conclusion Sherlock, but maybe it was the heroin/cocaine cocktail. Oh, wait, I change my mind, nope it was probably the Valium the junkie took to bring his highballin' ass down. And the loser is... Sheenan, the bassist. At least he made enough cash to get "Junkie No. 2" carved into his grave.




We are currently accepting submissions for a brand new SLUG Compilation featuring YOUR local talent. It will be available in two formats, CD and on limited edition purple vinyl.

RULES: All musical tracks must be previously unreleased (meaning this is the first time they have ever been available to the public) or exclusive tracks (songs made especially for the SLUG Comp. and will not be found anywhere else.) Entries will be accepted on CD and DAT formats only! Mail your entries or call SLUG HEADQUARTERS to schedule a drop off time. We are not responsible for lost or damaged material, so don't send your only original copy! **DUE DATE: 12/15/99.** The sooner you submit it the sooner we print it! Now is your chance to get off your ass and represent SLC local talent on a compilation... for free! You may submit as many entries as you like- as long as they abide by the rules! Only one submission per band will be used. **COVER ARTWORK** may be submitted by slides or photographs. Mail your entries or call SLUG HQ to schedule a drop off time. We are not responsible for lost or damaged material, so don't send your only original copy!

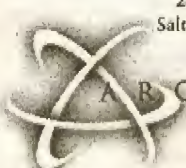
~~~~~  
All entries will receive prizes for submissions courtesy of Universal Music and video Distribution.

I wanted to use the net to answer my questions about body piercing.

ArosNet showed me how.



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## Mortis Cancels Show Over Censored Blood

CHICAGO - Mortis' Chicago performance, at the House of Blues, was canceled last minute because of a stage policy that banned the use of certain theatrics.

Mortis, whose show includes buckets of blood and fire-breathing, was told upon arrival that he would not be allowed to use these elements of the show. Concerned that fans would not get their money's worth, Mortis opted to cancel his performance all together rather than use only a small portion of his theatrics.

"I could not give the fans the best show," said Mortis. "The show would've been naked, so unfortunately I had to pull the show."

Upon invitation from House of Blues management, Mortis showed up at the venue - where Christian Death's performance went on as planned - and greeted fans. —allstarnews.com

## Gunning for Rapper Kurupt Kills Bodyguard, Wounds Others

Antra Music, the Philadelphia-based record label which releases recordings by rapper Kurupt, among others, released a statement Oct. 18 regarding the studio shooting over the weekend that took the life of Kurupt's bodyguard and left two other men wounded.

The label's statement raised the question

as to whether a finger-pointing song ("Calling Out Names") on Kurupt's upcoming album had motivated a retaliation.

But Antra on Oct. 19 issued another statement, declaring that in no way does the label suspect the involvement of other musicians in the studio shooting. Antra CEO Joe Marrone, though a label spokesperson, released the following:

"In the confusion and grief over the recent shooting of colleagues and friends of Kurupt and Daz on Oct. 18, an Antra staffer was misquoted on the Internet [Monday]. Although no one at Antra has ever speculated, on or off the record, the cause of this tragic shooting, we deeply regret that names of other artists were dragged into this report, and we apologize if unintentionally anyone at Antra contributed to such speculation."

"All of us with Antra are only concerned with the grief of the family of Dwayne Dupree and will have no further comment except to express our fervent hope that there be no more violence in the hip-hop community."

—Troy J. Augusto  
allstarnews.com

## Local H Member Hits the Road

One-half of the Chicago duo Local H has quietly left the band. Two months ago, following the group's tour in support of Pack Up the Cats, drummer Joe Daniels split to pursue non-music interests, according to a source close to the band. Daniels has since been replaced by former triple-fastaction drummer Brian St. Clair.

According to another source close to the band, the split — which is being called "a mutual decision" by band handlers — was no surprise to anyone in the Local H camp and had stemmed from Daniels' disinterest in touring. "[Frontman] Scott [Lucas] just couldn't take it anymore," said the source. "He was holding him back. Rock bands have gotta be on the road."

Lucas and St. Clair will test-drive their new partnership by beginning a month-long tour of the Midwest and East Coast beginning Oct. 19 in Ann Arbor, Mich., and concluding Nov. 14 in St. Louis. The jaunt will include a date on the Third Annual Halloween Bash on Oct. 30 at Chicago's Double Door, where the duo will dress up like AC/DC, and play nothing but AC/DC material. Last year, Local H did their best imitation of Joan Jett & the Blackhearts, yet

closed with a cover of AC/DC's "It's a Long Way to the Top (If You Wanna Rock & Roll)."

—Blair R. Fischer  
allstarnews.com

## No Doubt Drummer Pops Question on Stage

No Doubt's mohawked drummer Adrian Young celebrated the band's current hush-hush club tour by proposing to his long-time girlfriend Nina on-stage at The Fillmore in San Francisco on Oct. 9.

Coming out just before the encore, wearing only a pair of old plaid boxers, Young took the microphone and nervously asked the thousand-plus hysteric fans in attendance to, "B... Bear with me for a minute."

He then lured his stunned wife-to-be out of the wings by getting down on one knee. With the whole place erupting into a chorus of prepubescent screams, he managed to squeeze out, "Nina, I love you very much and I want to spend the rest of my life with you. Will you marry me?"

Nina accepted the proposal with furious nods, as Young leapt up, gave her a bear hug, and the two stumbled off stage holding each other tight. When the rest of the band returned, singer Gwen Stefani was wiping tears from her eyes. Current Guns N Roses drummer Josh Freese sat in for Young as they finished the evening with "Spiderwebs."

After the show, No Doubt hosted a meet-and-greet in The Fillmore's historic poster room, which was attended by Rick Rubin, Jerry Harrison, and both Young and his new fiancée's parents. The fathers posed for

pictures and shared a ceremonial cigar.

—Aidin Vaziri  
allstarnews.com

## Johnette Napolitano, Steve Wynn Contemplate Plans

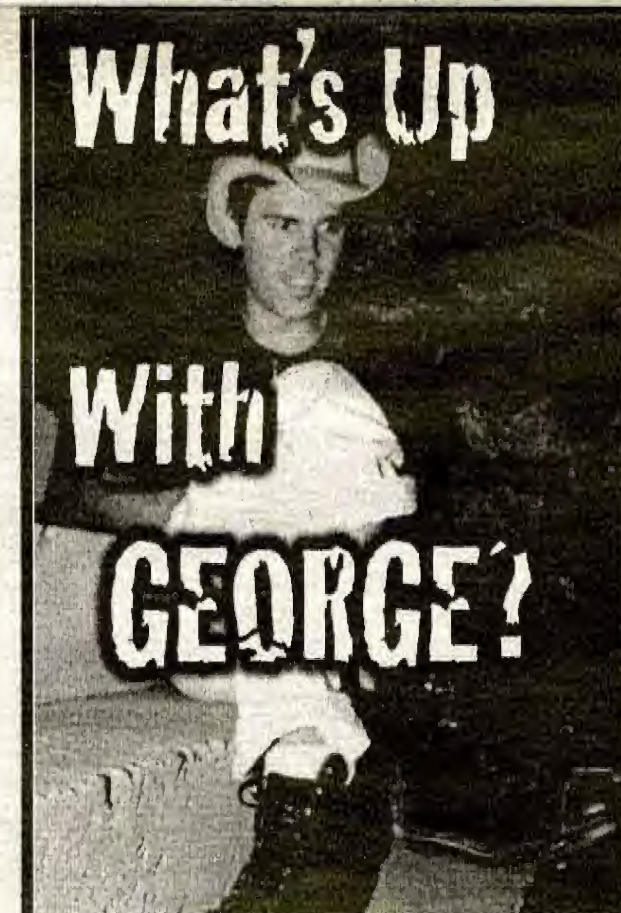
Johnette Napolitano and Steve Wynn have been pals for more than 15 years, since their bands, Concrete Blonde and the Dream Syndicate, respectively, dominated the Los Angeles music scene. Through the years, Napolitano and Wynn have popped up on each other's projects, but have not recorded together since "Bonnie and Clyde," from Wynn's 1991 release, Dazzling Display.

During a recent conversation, Napolitano expressed interest in working with Wynn again on her upcoming album. "I'm trying to talk him into coming to New Orleans over New Years to do another song with me. We haven't done a song together in years."

Wynn, who's currently touring Europe in support of his My Midnight album, admits to plans of his own. "I think that Johnette and I may be meeting up in London when I play there in November. I'm sure we'll do a few songs together."

For those lucky enough to be heading across the pond, that show is set to take place Nov. 17, at the Underworld in London.

—Donna DeChristopher  
allstarnews.com



in no specific order...

Started work on the Colonel suit.

Established contact with the tape machine - John.

Got a giant drum.

Refused to explain my heritage to Raymond.

Fell off a chair at a quiet moment in a crowded room.

In an attempt to keep up with the helter skelter life of our good friend George, we now bring you the george monthly update... What's Up With George?

Could not force myself to lie. Not on election day.

...also apparently George got a confederate cap from Jeanne.

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**ISLAND/DEF JAM** : Hmm... The release **A WAX BOX...** from the band **Full Devil Jacket** is missing something... my interest at the moment. The first track is pretty cool, but then the rest of the release slides uncontrollably into the pits of despair. Track two finds the band breaking one of the immutable laws of metal by combining the word "tasty" four consecutive times in the lyrics. Then, the title track is just guitar and vocals. Not that that's a bad thing by itself, but I could "take" or "leave" (leave) the guitar work and the same goes for the lyrics and vocals. - **Primer 55's** debut album **INTRODUCTION TO MAYHEM** won't be out until January 25 so jot that date down on your calendar (like you will). If anything, at least remember the name **Primer 55**. This band could be huge. Attitude and a hip-hop vibe mix with pure, pent-up metal aggression to deliver the final blow from one end of this release to the next. I'm not saying this is the greatest band in the world, but they are good and they do have a knack for playing what the minions seem to want to hear. So, what I am saying is if your **Korn** and **Limp Bizkit** CDs are experiencing heavy rotation in your CD changer, then check this band out.

**NIGHTFALL/TERRORIZER** : Re-live the glory that was surely **Milwaukee Metalfest XIII** with a compilation of the multi-day event. I don't think this comp. is a complete showing of all of the bands from the show because I don't see bands listed that I'm pretty sure were in attendance. I didn't receive any info with the CD, so I can only speculate. Hey, one thing I do know is that locals **Promisques** and **Jesus Rides A Rik'sha** made the compilation (What more could you want?). Speaking of the lovely ladies (and guy) from **Promisques**...the band will level another large crowd at the **Texas Death Fest** on November 5-6. If I am remembering correctly, you can expect another release from **Promisques** sometime around next spring. I'll keep you posted.

**NOISE** : California enjoys representation on track four "California" of **Substance D's** album **ADDICTIONS**. The band calls sunny CA home, and also uses the Los Angeles lifestyle as inspiration for lyrics. As **Substance D** faces all of their demons in the lyrical realm, the band stays firmly grounded with a solid metal performance. This is a good album. **ADDICTIONS** has melody, and at the same time never strays far from the power of a good guitar riff.

**PEACVILLE** : This may be a little premature (better this than something else I can think of), but I just might have the album of the year in my hands. **Opeth's** 1998 release of **MY ARMS, YOUR HEARSE** easily made my "best of" list for the year, so I had high expectations for **Opeth's** newest release, **STILL LIFE**. I have one word that will sum up my expectations for this album once I listened - exceeded. This band is amazing (even though they haven't returned my email). **STILL LIFE** is as close to perfection as you will probably ever hear. **Opeth** combines excellent play, song writing and recording. The composition of the songs on **STILL LIFE** sound as though they are coming from a five piece band, but actually the singer is one of the "wizards" behind the guitar work fea-

tured on this release. It's one thing to record this music, but I can't imagine having to play it live. You need to hear this album. - I almost immediately liked **Katania's** album **TONIGHT'S DECISION** once I found out that **Mikael Akerfeldt** (**Opeth**) did the vocals for the release, then I listened to it. The vocals are pretty good, though **Michael** saves his best work for **Opeth**. This might be a pretty "off-the-wall" comparison, but **Katania** sounds like the death/doom version of the **Cure**. Hearing the similarities between the two bands was my favorite part of listening to **TONIGHT'S DECISION**.

**RELAPSE** : Get your grubby hooves on a copy of **The Dillinger Escape Plan's**, **CALCULATING INFINITY** by any means necessary. Then, surrender yourself to pure adrenaline. The music from this N.J. hardcore/metal outfit will grab you like recently sharpened meat hooks and carry you through the many stages of processing. You'll be wrapped up and packed (using only CFC-free material) in no time. This band is intense. The music of **The Dillinger Escape Plan** is highly complex and technical and their delivery is pristine, without losing a shred of their explosive, hardcore vision. Oh, this is good. - **GOODBYE CRUEL WORLD!** is the final chapter for the band **Brutal Truth** (1990-1998). The fifty six tracks contained in the two CD set pretty much covers this band's career. Disc one is live, recorded at the **Annandale Hotel** in **Sydney, Australia**. Disc two is B-side tracks, covers and other rare recordings.



**WICKED WORLD** : Thrash, death and power metal are combined to make up the sound that is found on the debut from the band **Blo.Torch**. This band doesn't care that they may not be the most original band around while they strive to combine influences from different eras of metal. The result is a tight, moderately technical product. Actually, the only moment of musical indiscretion on this album is on track three when the band makes a failed attempt to add clean vocals to the mix. - **Morbid Angel** live guitarist **Erik Rutan** teams up with ex-**Suffocation** guitarist **Doug Cerrito** to form the band **Hate Eternal**. The debut **CONQUERING THE THRONE** is a death metal guitar fan's dream come true. The rapid-fire style of play from **Hate Eternal** hints of

influences that include the obvious **Morbid Angel** influence, as well as others from **Deicide** and **Sinister**.

**METAL BLADE** : **THE AVENGER**, the latest from Sweden's **Amon Amarth** was released on November 2. The band continues on with their melodic form of death metal. The **Amon Amarth** sound comes from their 16th note, single-string picking style. The guitarists often play against each other giving the music a full sound.

Some tracks use this method a bit too much, with the result growing a little "tired" sounding. Other tracks from the album meet with more success. Over-all this is an o.k. album. - If you fell asleep while listening to **Ancient's**, **THE HALLS OF ETERNITY** (and you probably would), you would be doing yourself a favor. There's not a single note on this album that I haven't heard before. Musical ability : zero Talent : zero Overall Performance : zero.

**NUCLEAR BLAST** : The band **Kovenant** from Norway (formerly **Covenant**) are releasing their new album, **ANIMATRONIC**. The band's 1998 release of **NEXUS POLARIS** made my "best of" list for 1998. Since the band's last release, they have slightly changed their name due to conflicts with another band of the same name. **Kovenant** have also dropped from five down to three members. I was impressed with the level of play on **NEXUS POLARIS** and the same goes for **ANIMATRONIC**. The band was a few steps away from their original black metal beginnings with **N. P.** and are a few more steps from the confines that most black metal bands find themselves in with **ANIMATRONIC**.

**LOCAL** : Local Salt Lake black metal artists **Satanic Black** have committed their music to CD format (I think these guys are the ones that should be committed). **S. B.** is comprised of **Jason Black** (vocals, guitar, percussion and keyboard) and **Thadeus James** (guitar and bass). The release of **I.M.O.A.L.** is a testament to this band's unfocused evil visions. A person can only marvel at this band's determination. According to **S. B.**, their MP3 site has had more hits than any other local band. The jury is still out on that one. Check these guys out for yourselves at <http://www.mps.com/artists/36/satanicblack.html>. Buy their CD, or they will curse your damn hide.

—Forbach



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# THE DAILY CALENDAR

**Friday, November 5**  
Gamma Rays, John Farmer's CD Party  
- Dead Goat  
Swamp Donkeys- Burt's  
Juno w/Cobra and Lyndal Control- Kilby Court  
The Given- Zephyr

**Saturday, November 6**  
The Clots- Dead Goat  
Thunderfist- Burt's  
Ahn Trio- Kingsbury Hall  
Chris LeDoux w/Toby Keith- Dee Events Center  
(Ogden, UT)  
Godsmack w/Jim Rose Circus- SaltAir Pavilion  
Corleones w/Happy Camper- Kilby Court  
The Given- Zephyr

**Sunday, November 7**  
Acoustic Night- Dead Goat  
Free Pool- Burt's  
James Wood- Zephyr

**Monday, November 8**  
The Possibilities- Burt's  
John Pizzarelli- Jazz at the Hilton  
The Jonny Rawls Revue- Dead Goat Saloon  
Justin Clayton- Zephyr

**Tuesday, November 9**  
Blues Jam- Dead Goat  
Blues Night- Burt's  
Pavlov Jones- Zephyr

**Wednesday, November 10**  
Sunhouse Healers- Dead Goat  
Pimp Gernade- Burt's  
Mr. T. Expieriance w/ Ann Beretta- DV8  
Paperboys- Zephyr

**Thursday, November 11**  
Guitorquestra- Kilby Court  
Gearl Jam- Dead Goat  
Johnny Dilks- Zephyr  
Self-Adhesives- Burt's  
Aquabats w/ the Hippos- Classic Skate Rink  
Spitfire Tour- Kingsbury Hall

**Friday, November 12**  
Backwash- Dead Goat  
Mudfly w/Ineffect- Burt's  
Queensryche w/Doubledrive- E Center  
Alan Jackson w/Andy Griggs- Delta Center  
Matthew Sweet- Zephyr Club  
Arrogant- Kilby Court

**Saturday, November 13**  
Mambo Jumbo- Dead Goat  
Second Hand Grace- Burt's  
Antartica w/Gloria Record and Acrobat Down  
Kilby Court  
The Uninvited- Zephyr

**Sunday, November 14**  
Acoustic Night- Dead Goat  
Free Pool- Burt's  
Queers w/One Man Army and Eyeliners- DV8  
Yonder Mtn. String Band- Zephyr

**Monday, November 15**  
Hadden Sayers- Dead Goat  
moe. - Zephyr  
Fumamos- Burt's  
The Road Kings w/ Mike Ness- Bricks  
Mike Rayburn- SLCC  
Robert Walter's 20th Congress- Mulligan's  
(Park City,)  
No Motive w/Woodly Bog- BlackList (Logan, UT)  
Groovie Ghoulies- Liquid Joe's

**Tuesday, November 16**  
Acoustic Night- Dead Goat  
Blues Jam- Burt's  
Marcy Playground- Liquid Joe's  
Soundsend- Zephyr

**Wednesday, November 17**  
Yer Mom- Dead Goat  
The Drunks w/Long-Cilas-Lang- Burt's  
Indigo Girls w/Michelle Malone- Spectrum  
Arena (Logan, UT)  
Suicidal Tendencies w/Suicide Machines- DV8  
Shawn Mullins- Zephyr

**Thursday, November 18**  
Buerto Pond w/Star No Star- Kilby Court  
Meridian- Dead Goat  
John Davis Band- Burt's  
Clumsy Lovers- Zephyr

**Friday, November 19**  
The Zak Parish Band- Dead Goat  
Unlucky Boys- Burt's  
Borrowed Walls presents Physics, Street Legal  
Theater, Jeff Metcalf, Alex Caldiero and others  
TBA- Kilby Court  
CCR-World Cup Opening (Park City)  
Lynard Skynard w/ ZZ Top- Delta Center  
Kid Rock w/Powerman 5000- Saltair  
Disco Dridders-Zephyr

**Saturday, November 20**  
Shaking Tree- Dead Goat  
2 1/2 White Guys- Burt's  
Bomoras w/forty Fives- ABC's (Provo, UT)  
Microphones w/Messy Breakups- Kilby Court  
Disco Dridders- Zephyr  
Ichafest- Ichabobs

**Sunday, November 21**  
Acoustic Night- Dead Goat  
Free Pool- Burt's  
TBA- Zephyr

**Monday, November 22**  
Savoy Brown w/Kim Simmonds- Dead Goat  
TBA- Burt's  
pound w/Shades Apart and Splendor- DV8  
The Find- Zephyr

**Tuesday, November 23**  
TBA- Zephyr  
Blues Jam w/Jonny Night- Dead Goat  
Blues Night- Burt's  
Rage Against the Machine- E Center

**Wednesday, November 24**  
The Find- Dead Goat  
Swamp Donkeys- Burt's  
Strung Out- DV8  
Royal Bliss-Zephyr

**Thursday, November 25**  
Deke Dickerson and the Ecco-fonics- Dead Goat  
FREE TURKEY GRAVY- Burt's  
Big 6- Zephyr

**Friday, November 26**  
Joker- Dead Goat  
Zac Parish CD Release Party- Burt's  
Coco Montoya- Zephyr  
Sexyxrist- Back Alley Pub

**Saturday, November 27**  
Up Yer Sleeve- Dead Goat  
Fistfull- Burt's  
Ricky Martin w/ Jessica Simpson- Delta Center  
Coco Montoya- Zephyr

**Sunday, November 28**  
Acoustic Night- Dead Goat  
Free Pool- Burt's  
Fernando- Zephyr

**Monday, November 29**  
Primus w/ Incubus- SaltAir Pavilion  
Teddy Morgan & The Pistolas- Dead Goat  
Pin Back w/landing and Magstatic- Kilby Court  
TBA- Burt's  
Chump-Zephyr

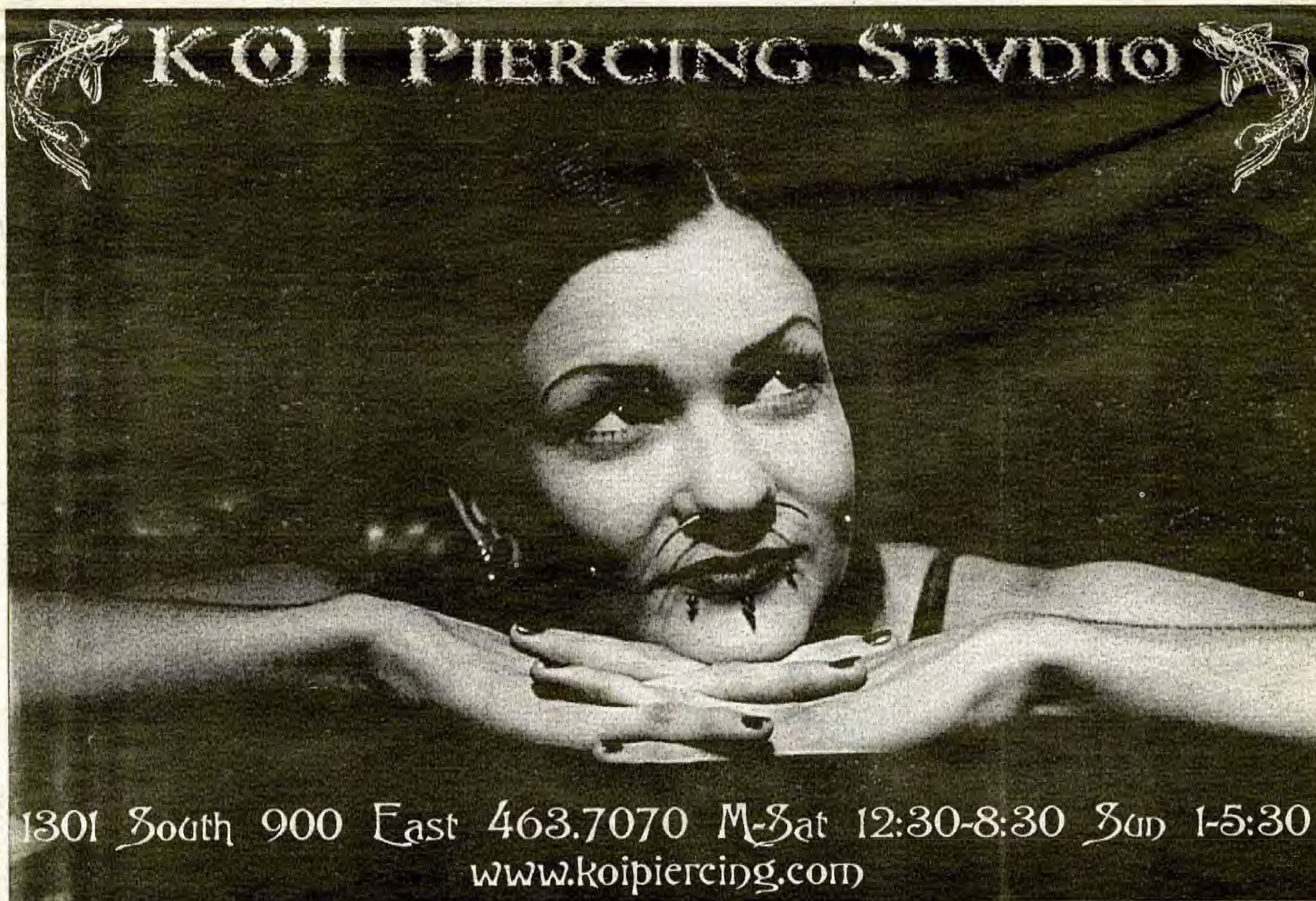
**Tuesday, November 30**  
Danzig w/A.F.I. and Samhain- SaltAir Pavilion  
Blues Jam- Dead Goat  
TBA- Burt's  
TBA- Zephyr

**Wednesday, December 1**  
L.E.S. Stitches w/ Blanks 77, Crimminals-DV8  
VEXATIONS- Burt's

**Thursday, December 2**  
Sammy Kershaw- E Center

**Friday, December 3**  
Counting Crows- SaltAir Pavilion  
Sterguon General- Burt's

**Saturday, December 4**  
IAMA Benefit Concert- Fine Arts Auditorium



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# SUBTERRANEAN SECT



**Moonspell - The Butterfly Effect**  
Combining elements of their previous albums, Moonspell display a modern approach on their heaviest release yet. On tour now with In Flames



**The Dillinger Escape Plan - Calculating Infinity**  
New Jersey's Dillinger Escape Plan unveil "Calculating Infinity," a colossal cacophony of soul-searing vocals, pile-driving riffs, unorthodox percussive punishment and scattershot speed. A psychoverload of adrenaline soaked intensity!



**Hammerfall-The First Crusade**  
Hammerfall's first home video witnesses the bands 98 world crusade for True Heavy Metall Featuring live and backstage footage with commentary from the band. Also available, the new CD single featuring a cover of Helloweens "I Want Out!"



**HATE ETERNAL - Conquering the Throne**  
Already heralded in Europe as "the death metal release of the year," HATE ETERNAL unleashes their debut release, "Conquering the Throne," upon these unsuspecting shores... Prepare to be blown away by eleven tracks of raw and brutal sonic hatred, an essential title for every self-respecting death metal fanatic!



**Indecision - Release the Cure**  
Brutal, honest, uncompromising hardcore from Brooklyn, NY!



**Coalesce - 0:12 Revolution In Just Listening**  
Coalesce deliver suffocatingly dense, drastic music that purely annihilates. Incredibly raw, psychotic vocals incessantly punish the listener while explosively chaotic guitars and left-of-center rhythms and grooves mesmerize and manifest in the most devastating manner.  
**Coalesce CD OUT 11/16**

**Today is the Day- On tour in Nov./Dec. with Neurosis**  
Watch for Dates!



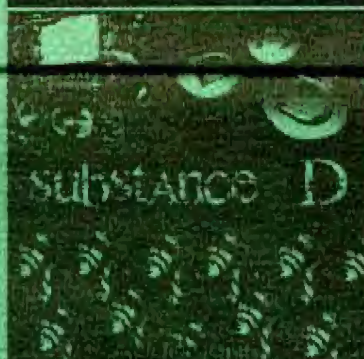
**Control Denied- The Fragile Art of Existence**  
After 15 years of Death Chuck Schuldiner begins a new metal revolution. Featuring bass legend Steve DiGiorgio of Death/Testament/Sadus fame, drum god Richard Crisky and guitar wiz Shannon Hamm of Death, and vocal monster Tim Aymar of Primal Scream. This record is destined set a new standard in the Metal realm.



**Skinlab - Disembody: The New Flesh**  
"Skinlab have the calibre and ammunition to blaze their own distinctive trail of destruction."  
- Terrorizer- The latest release from one of the most talked about and fastest rising new bands on tour now with S.O.D.



**Stuck Mojo - HVY 1**  
Recorded live on Stuck Mojo's "Rising World Tour," HVY 1 introduces new bassist Dan Dryden and features 15 live tracks and two incredible new studio songs, "Reborn" and "My Will." Produced by Andy Sneap.



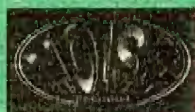
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Addictions are a part of everyone's life...this record will give you an idea of what goes through an addict's mind. it's A cacophony of 100% pure uncut, addictive crystal meth music that's definitely not FDA approved. Out october 19th.



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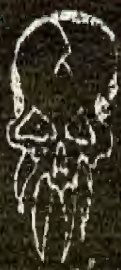
# Voodoo Glow Skulls



**VGS**  
Band Geek Mafia

AND GEEK!  
MAFIA

# RANCID



**RANCID**  
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# PULLEY

@#!\*



**PULLEY**  
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**MILLENCOLIN**  
For Monkeys

FOR MONKEYS

# ALL



**ALL**  
Mass Nerder

DAVID SANDSTROM DENNIS LYXEN KRISTOFER STEEN JON BRANNSTROM

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THE SHAPE OF PUNK TO COME  
A CHIMERICAL BOMBINATION IN 12 BURSTS



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